The Nation.

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The Week.

In his address to the Spanish war veterans in Detroit on Monday, President Roosevelt at last found tongue and opportunity to plead for reciprocity with Cuba, coincidently with a discussion of matters Philippine and Porto Rican, and the restatement of his now familiar "gospel of hope." It was in a sense carrying the war into the enemy's territory, for the Michigan delegation in Congress comprised, perhaps, the strongest opponents of the President's Cuban policy of last winter. If, as is reported, Representatives Corliss and William Alden Smith of Michigan have now surrendered to the President and foresworn their opposition to his demand for justice to Cuba, it is an encouraging indication of the growing strength of the President's policy, even in beet-sugar States. We cannot but hope that, from this time on, the affairs of Cuba will have the prominence in this campaign to which they are entitled and which has thus far been denied them.

Harper's Weekly is in a state of agitation on the subject of Roosevelt. It doubts whether his habits of life are consonant with such effort as is required for the real work of a constructive statesman, such as he aspires to be. Wild gallops, rough-riding, and much conversing are not, in its judgment, the best signs of statesmanship. In short, it doubts "whether, after all, Mr. Roosevelt is the right kind of a man for the Chief Magistracy of the nation." The *Sun* also has its doubts, although they have hitherto been veiled. It had an article a few days since suggesting ex-President Cleveland as the kind of man for the crisis of 1904, and suggesting his former law partner, Francis Lynde Stetson, as a man fit to receive a nomination for the Presidency from the Democratic party. If this issue of the *Sun* came under Mr. Cleveland's notice, he must have been much surprised to find himself the object of such a flattering testimonial from that quarter, and also gratified to observe the *Sun's* high appreciation of Mr. Stetson. We commend the *Sun's* Democratic candidate to the favor of *Harper's Weekly* as the very opposite of the "wild-galloping, rough-riding, much-conversing" Theodore Roosevelt, and therefore eminently fit to receive its support.

Consternation reigned in the higher circles of the Republican party when Speaker Henderson's resignation, and his reasons therefor, became known. President Roosevelt made the mistake of sending him a telegram asking him in urgent terms to change his purpose. This was an error of judgment, since it disclosed the extreme anxiety which Mr. Henderson's action has awakened. Most of the politicians who have been interviewed have assumed that there must be some other reason for Mr. Henderson's withdrawal than the one he assigned, but no evidence has been advanced to support that belief. On the other hand, a morning newspaper says that "Mr. Hepburn received a telegram yesterday from Gen. Henderson, in which the Speaker said it would be impossible for any person outside the State to imagine the bitterness engendered there. He added that in Waterloo, for which he had obtained a public building costing $150,000, the two Republican newspapers were exhibiting personal hatred toward him." The prevailing view among the Republican leaders seems to be that, even if Mr. Henderson thought that the Iowa platform went too far in its treatment of Trusts and the tariff, he ought to have kept his mouth shut till after the election.

Massachusetts and Delaware are two more States whose Democrats have done away with Bryanism and free silver. There never was the slightest excuse for the acceptance of these doctrines in the Old Bay State. Yet the Gold Democrats have calmly allowed George Fred Williams and his gang to control the party councils until this year, when his domination and, it is to be hoped, he himself have been done away with once and for all. But the slowness with which the party is recovering from the attack of Bryanism was shown on September 17, when the Washington Democrats reaffirmed the Kansas City platform with all its follies. Evidently the party is not to be got together this year, despite the magnificent opportunity afforded by the break in the Republican party over what is essentially a Democratic issue, and on which a united and well-led Democratic party should have no difficulty in capturing the House. Among the many encouraging signs to be noted, besides the action of such States as New Hampshire and Massachusetts, is the recantation of Senator Cockrell of Missouri. That Democratic veteran is shrewd enough to see that the tide is turning and the silver issue "played out." Of course, he does not free his mind in these words, but he none the less finds it "inadvisable to press the issue" at present. It is to be hoped that other leaders of influence will now return to financial sanity, and improve the unparalleled opportunities of the political hour.

With the choice of D. Clinch Heyward for Governor of South Carolina comes, it is believed, the dawning of a better day for the politics of that State. The choice means, if we read the signs aright, a lessening of the hold on the State of Senator Tillman and his following, and a return to control by the educated men of affairs, who in the past placed many citizens of national reputation both in the Governor's chair and in the United States Senate. In its immediate aspects it is a triumph for decency in politics. No one a year ago would have ventured to predict the defeat of the Tillman following. For years that faction, having its origin in the growth of the agricultural population, securing its strength in the spread of the populistic Farmers' Alliance, and buttressed by the Liquor Dispensary machine, has ruled the State, sending Tillman and men of his calibre to the State's Executive Mansion and to Washington. It was the régime of the poor, unlettered whites, in whose marshalling Tillman exhibited something of the skill of a political leader, and to whose untutored ears his uncouth mouthings were oratory, and his demagogic championship of the rights of the "lower classes" statesmanship. But cotton-mill prosperity has offset cotton-field extension, the balance of power has shifted, and the people of the State have tired of buffoonery and fist fights in politics. This change in popular feeling was emphasized in the primaries just closed. In contrast with the swashbuckling Tillmanites, Capt. Heyward appeared the cultured gentleman. Against their county and State organizations, made up of veterans in politics, he arrayed a volunteer organization of young men. To their abuse, their characterization of him as a Trust advocate, a Roman Catholic, an aristocrat, and an opponent of everything for which the "Reformers" had fought, his only reply was that he was ready to serve his State if the voters wished; and altogether he conducted one of the cleanest campaigns the State has ever known.

Even more significant than his victory is the relegation of the political hacks to the rear. Only two of the men chosen for State or Federal office were old enough to have served in the Confederate army, and many on the list were born after Appomattox. They are of the new South, identified with its material advance, and seeing in Populism only a drag. Their leader, Capt. Heyward, is only thirty-eight years of age, a graduate of Washington and Lee University, and described by his home papers as a man with no private interests to serve. He enters office unpledged, un-

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hampered by combinations, and with a purpose to be Governor in fact as in name. Thus early he has put his finger on an evil, an outgrowth of the primary system—the practical transfer of appointments to office from the Governor to the State and county party organizations. The new Governor is under obligations to neither organization, and, while declaring his belief in home rule as a principle, and his intention to give due weight to county organizations concerning affairs within their immediate view, he has served notice that he will examine into the character, reputation, and fitness of all men recommended to him for appointment. He further declares his intention to devote himself to the development of every material interest of the State, and he aptly summed up his attitude on the race question by quotation of the words of Wade Hampton: "God bless all my people, black and white."

With the election of C. F. Murphy, the "Sport" of the late triumvirate, Tammany Hall becomes again a one-man power. In form only, we hasten to say, for the new chief takes his orders from Croker at Wantage, and is furthermore wholly under the thumb of "Big Tim" Sullivan—the only brave in sight whom the Wigwam universally fears and respects. "Big Tim" undoubtedly prefers to have his chestnuts pulled for him; and as the Wantage influence wanes, Murphy will more and more assume that self-effacing office. Lovers of good government could ask for nothing better than the present situation. The election of a figurehead—or, as Devery more picturesquely puts it, a "lobster head"—as leader of Tammany can only foster the demoralization of the organization, signs of which are everywhere apparent. For the first time in years, and possibly in its history, the delegates of Tammany Hall are going to a Democratic State Convention unpledged—nay, without a slate, a leader, or a candidate. No delegation of mere mugwumps or reformers could find itself in a more miserable, disorganized condition. It is a rare opportunity, we believe, for those who share Mr. Shepard's and Mr. Peabody's ambition to reorganize the Democratic party, to take the direct and courageous course. The farcical regency of Murphy will last for some time—until a divided and humiliated Tammany compels Sullivan, or some other real leader, to come out into the open. During this time a genuine Democratic movement might permanently cripple the power of Tammany Hall.

Gov. Stone was constrained on Monday night to order out the Thirteenth Regiment of State troops. This is not the first call that he has made. Other troops have been under arms looking on in an idle, desultory way for weeks, while men desiring to work have been assaulted and murdered around them, and almost under their very eyes. To keep these troops idle is an act of injustice in itself, since every one of them is perforce neglecting his own vocation. We have heard of some cases where the business of officers of the militia is going to destruction by reason of their service to the State, and yet they have done little or nothing to put down the disorder and violence which called them from their homes. It is high time for Gov. Stone and all others in authority to contemplate the situation in which society will soon be placed without the usual supply of coal. It has already been announced that sufficient fuel cannot be obtained in either city or country to heat the public schools. Therefore, we are facing a suspension of the whole system of public education. This is only a part of the calamity that society is approaching. The same want that closes the schools will deprive the poorer classes of the means of heating their rooms and cooking their food. Possibly the factories and shops which furnish the employment may continue to run on soft coal, but it is inevitable that these will be compelled to pay an enhanced price for their motive power, with the coming of cold weather, which will bring a greatly increased demand for all kinds of fuel. No words can exaggerate the calamity impending if means are not found to secure the reopening and working of the mines of anthracite.

As is usual under such circumstances, the fall of the New York bank reserves below the 25 per cent. ratio to deposits has been followed by much ill-informed discussion. It so happens that this is only the third occasion in ten years when such a deficiency was reported. The last occasion was in November, 1899, when the outbreak of the Boer War, with London's consequent recall of capital, came upon an active money market and an outflow of currency to the West. In the second week of July, 1893, a similar deficiency occurred. It was then occasioned by the panic withdrawals of currency by Western banks—a movement which, along with heavy export of gold to Europe, drew out of the New York bank reserves $40,000,000 within seven weeks, a loss of one-third of the whole supply. The present situation of the banks has little or no resemblance to that of 1893, and it differs from 1899 in that no war or other shock to financial confidence has upset the money market. Described concisely, the meaning of last Saturday's statement is that the New York banks entered the crop-moving season ill prepared to meet the recall of currency to the West, and were then taken wholly off their guard by the sudden rise in the Treasury's surplus.

It has been declared, since Saturday's deficit was announced, that the situation is simple enough, since the purpose of the surplus reserve is its use in emergencies. This is entirely true; but something more remains to be said about the cause of the present emergency and of what the banks have a right to do at this time. The National Bank Act speaks on this point as follows (section 31):

> "Whenever the lawful money of any association [bank] in any of the cities hereinafter named shall be below the amount of 25 per centum of its deposits, and whenever the lawful money of any other association [that is, 'country bank'] shall be below 15 per centum of its deposits, such association shall not increase its liabilities by making any new loans or discounts otherwise than by discounting or purchasing bills of exchange at sight."

In other words, the bank must cut short its accommodation to the market after its reserve has passed below the limit; and severe penalties, discretionary with the Comptroller, are prescribed for continuous refusal by a bank to do so. In 1893 it was impossible for the banks to keep good their percentage of reserve without aggravating a highly critical situation, and the Banking Department recognized the fact. To-day the general situation is not critical at all, and no such dilemma as now exists would have arisen had not money-lending institutions persistently fed fuel to the stock speculation of last summer. Every impartial critic has warned the local banks, during six months past, that they were heading for precisely this situation. Practically every weekly bank statement since last winter has shown a surplus reserve lower than at any corresponding date in a dozen years, except for 1893. On the whole, it is quite as well that this last note of warning should have been sounded loudly from the Clearing-house returns themselves. Fortunately, the banks are able, without distressing any non-speculative borrower, to regain and keep a proper status of reserves, and they should be required to do so.

Commander McLean's interpretation of his duty of maintaining Isthmian neutrality has led to almost comic results. Some two thousand Colombian troops have been disarmed and transported across the Isthmus as ordinary passengers, and their arms and munitions carried separately as freight, both arms and men being under the protection of an American naval force. The paradoxical side of the proceeding is this, that these troops were technically sovereigns of the route which they traversed under surveillance, for the United States guarantees not only the neutrality of the Panama railroad, but also the "rights of sovereignty and property which New Grenada has and possesses over the said territory." Commander McLean told his Colombian brothers in arms: "You are sovereigns, but you must not fight on this particular part of your sovereignty, and you must not even

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pass in an array which might make others wish to attack you." This, it must be said, is a peculiar position for sovereigns to find themselves in, and yet the spirit, if not the form, of the act is fully justified by precedent. The United States has set itself merely to the practical task of preventing the various revolutions from interfering with traffic. We fear, however, that Colombian susceptibilities may be offended by Commander McLean's personally conducted military excursion. The whole affair recalls Mr. Hannis Taylor's epigram, in his 'International Public Law,' that he who can reconcile the right of intervention with national independence is fit to pass on to the problem of predestination and free-will.

Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford has always spoken with a frankness which has made him the *enfant terrible* of the British marine. This character was perfectly borne out by his naval confidences to the press on landing in this city. Naturally he was asked to talk about the recent naval manœuvres, and on manœuvres in general, about which, as usual, he told truths with a smiling irresponsibility. He said that manœuvres "prevent men from going to war as an experiment." Now whether this be the truth or not, it is a striking admission of the pent-up bellicosity that is found in every great navy. We doubt if manœuvres are the proper exorcism for this demoniac possession, but there is no doubt of the fact that sub-calibre practice and the destruction of targets pall, and that the naval mind longs for an experiment upon real ships and real human lives. It is well to be reminded that in naval science we are building up an experimental method which most logically requires living subjects to work upon. If Lord Beresford can prove that manœuvres dull this scientific zeal, he will have discovered a sedative which civilization has longed for in vain.

Minister Pelletan's amazing speech at Bizerta only shows that it is unseemly for a naval minister to stand on an African headland and talk as Capt. Mahan writes. We hasten to add that the ambition and the indiscretion do a certain credit to M. Pelletan in his naval, if not in his ministerial capacity. Sailor-men are supposed to have that familiarity with international law and high diplomacy which breeds contempt, and M. Pelletan's wanderings, over the coffee and cigars, from Suez to Gibraltar and then across to Corsica, sweeping imaginary foes from the Mediterranean, were in the broadest style of nautical grandiloquence. So thoroughly is it understood that a jolly seadog like the French Naval Minister must be taken in the spirit of his remarks, rather than in the letter, that even the Germans, whom M. Pelletan qualified with "barbarism and brutality," feel that such words are inoffensive in the context of a "champagne speech." England, who was in imagination driven back from the straits and the canal, takes her constructive discomfiture with perfect equanimity. Italy has yet to be heard from, but will presumably follow a like course. So no harm is done. But it must cause a certain amount of trouble to a Ministry to be always explaining that so loquacious a member as M. Pelletan means absolutely nothing.

The process of Russification which works so admirably in barbaric Asia is being applied with extraordinary vigor in civilized Finland. Already the Finns are placed under laws authoritative only in Russian, and find the Finnish version regarded as an official concession. Russian governors, contrary to the law and precedent of the land, which Russia had engaged to respect, will displace Finns in every province, and permanently. The appeal of the municipality of Helsingfors against the replacing of the local police with Cossacks has been refused by the Emperor. Everywhere the Russian official succeeds the native. The process of crushing out a national spirit under the forms of humanity has rarely been so carefully planned and so unsparingly promoted. Germany in the conquered provinces pursued a more gradual way. It should be remembered, too, that the Russification of Finland means, broadly speaking, the substitution of an inferior civilization. It is this which gives to the spectacle a peculiar poignancy. No relief is in sight; but one must imagine that the better educated Finns will not wish to become subjects in a Russian province, and the prophecy might be ventured that we shall see from Finland an emigration of the class represented by the French Huguenots and our own Puritans.

The correspondents did not think it worth while to cable the proceedings of the Italian Socialist congress at Imola, but it was an event of high importance for Italian politics, and not without bearings upon all nations which have influential Socialist parties. In a word, the Socialist organizations of Italy, by a vote of 521 out of 800 delegates, declared against the revolutionary branch of the party, and gave their adhesion to so-called moderate, or parliamentary, Socialism. This means that the "war of classes" and "the social revolution" cease to be orthodox Socialist doctrine in Italy—a decision which recalls to leadership Signor Turati, who for lukewarmness was read out of the party last spring. M. Guesde and others of the "Reds" witnessed the rout of the revolutionary faction. It would be unsafe to accept the vote of a convention as an indefinite mandate, but it seems reasonably certain that the Turati Socialists will continue to work with the Ministry, and generally will apply themselves to the gradual attainment of specific industrial reforms. Well-wishers of Italy will hope to see the conversion of Socialism into a genuine Liberal movement. Whether that can be, will depend upon the personal ability of Turati and his lieutenants—and no little upon the integrity of the rank and file. Without exaggerating the importance of the Imola congress, it has at least raised a legitimate hope that the power of professional politicians is to be broken, and that the Italian proletariat is at last to make itself felt in a salutary way. See on this head our correspondent's account of the recent sympathetic strike in Florence.

It would be unwise to give an alarmist interpretation to the dispatches which tell of a Boxer uprising in the province of Sze-Chuen, and yet the gravity of the situation is apparent. The province itself borders Tibet. The centre of revolt, the capital city of Cheng-Tu, lies a round thousand miles from Pekin, five hundred from French Tonquin, and nearly as far from British Burma, with no approach by railway except on the Burmese side. This complete isolation means, of course, that the suppression of the present disorders, which have already extended over two months, depends upon the power and good will of the newly appointed Viceroy, Tzen-Chun-Hsuan. However wild the situation might become, it would be impossible for the European Powers to repeat the campaign of Pechili, and it is needless to say that the Imperial Government is almost impotent in the premises. But it should not be forgotten that the fanatical secret societies of China have never yet had a sufficiently perfect organization to conduct a genuine revolutionary movement. Civil war in any proper sense has for centuries been impracticable in China, and even Prince Tuan's attempt of 1900, with its appearance of regular warfare, the possession of the capital, and the support of the army, was hardly more than a riot on a tremendous scale; though it took the genius of Secretary Hay to see the reality under the show. Without the intervention of the Powers it is probable that the revolt would have smouldered out gradually. One may assume that the rising in Sze-Chuen will, no more than the Boxer rebellion in Pechili, assume revolutionary proportions. But it is an amazing state of things when a horde of 50,000 fanatics can swiftly be assembled and hurled against a capital city. And it is a striking reminder of the real weakness of the Imperial Government, that it should have no other means of securing public order in a province containing over 67,000,000 souls, than to change an old Viceroy for a new.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT CINCINNATI.

On Saturday last three Republican statesmen of the highest rank made speeches on the relation between the tariff and the so-called Trusts. President Roosevelt spoke at Cincinnati, Secretary Shaw at Chicago, and Senator Fairbanks at Anderson, Ind. None of them threw much light on the subject, but all of them testified unconsciously to the significance of Speaker Henderson's withdrawal from Congress and of the reasons which he gave therefor. This sudden and simultaneous unlocking of tongues can be accounted for in no other way. We cannot say that any one of the three did himself much credit or helped the cause for which all of them profess to labor.

Protectionism was originally based upon the theory that American producers needed the shelter of a tariff for a certain time, in order to give them a start and enable them to compete with foreign producers. It has no other logical ground. It was a part of the theory also that the rate of duty should be no more than sufficient to balance the cost of production between American and foreign manufacturers, and that it should continue no longer than the time needed to bring about that condition. Its advocates always maintained that, although domestic consumers would be compelled for a time to pay higher prices for the protected articles, domestic competition would soon bring down the prices to the general level, so that the producers of them would receive no greater profits than other members of the community. This was a plausible doctrine, and it is quite certain that if the protectionist party in the early days, the days of Henry Clay, had said that it was a good thing *per se* and ought to last forever, it never would have gained a foothold at all. It would have been expelled from the halls of Congress with derision.

There is good reason for thinking that domestic competition would have brought down the prices of protected articles to the proper level if competition itself had not been throttled. As soon as the protected classes saw that their own prophecy was likely to come true, they took steps to neutralize it by combining together. This they accomplished by uniting all the producers in particular lines of industry into Trusts. The object was to control the home production, but that would have been of no avail unless importation could be limited also. This new and strange development took the leading Republicans of the country by surprise, and some of them, notably Senator Sherman of Ohio, declared that they would vote to repeal all duties on articles thus monopolized. Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the foremost publicists on the protectionist side, took the same position, saying that protection had no ground to stand on if it became the shelter of monopoly.

President Roosevelt, although making a campaign against the Trusts, is opposed to this plan of dealing with them. In his speech at Cincinnati, he said:

"The language commonly used by the advocates of the method implies that they mean all articles made by large corporations, and that the changes in tariff are to be made with punitive intent toward these large corporations. Of course, if the tariff is to be changed in order to punish them, it should be changed so as to punish those that do ill, not merely those that are prosperous. It would neither be just nor expedient to punish the big corporations as big corporations; what we wish to do is to protect the people from any evil that may grow out of their existence or maladministration."

The first thing to be noted here is that the tone of the speech is apologetic. The President has become in appearance a defender of the organizations that he has been arraigning as dangerous and oppressive to the community. The change of tone is noticed and welcomed by the *Sun*, which, a few days ago, was comparing Mr. Roosevelt to Eugene V. Debs and William J. Bryan. Victories are not won in the political field by occasionally espousing the side of the enemy.

The next thing that calls for criticism in the foregoing paragraph is the misuse of the word "punitive." Nobody desires to punish the Trusts for any wrongdoing in the past. Those who think with Senator Sherman and Professor Thompson that protection by tariff should be taken away from domestic monopolies, do not say that the Trusts do wrong in taking what the law gives them. The thought of punishment does not enter into their aims. They merely desire to change the law and prevent the continuance of the operation. The President, therefore, should have used the word preventive instead of punitive; but if he had done so, this part of his speech would have had no meaning whatever.

The President next says that "some of those corporations do well and others do ill. If, in any case, the tariff is found to foster a monopoly which does ill, why, of course, no protectionist would object to a modification of the tariff sufficient to remedy the evil." But this phrase is quite inconsistent with the remainder of his argument, in which he contends that "the Trusts can be damaged by depriving them of the effects of the protective tariff only on condition of damaging all their smaller competitors, and all the wage workers employed in the industry." If this is true, it applies with equal force to those which do ill and to those which do well. Any ill-doing Trust, if there is such a thing, could easily shelter itself by starting a few small concerns to represent the minority, and to create the semblance of competition.

If President Roosevelt has no better message than this for the Western people, his mission will bear no fruit. He is playing into the hands of the very men who are seeking his overthrow, and even now they believe that they have nothing to fear from him.

SPEAKER HENDERSON'S SURRENDER.

Although it has been known for six months past that there was considerable fermentation among the Republicans of Iowa on the tariff question, nobody outside the State was prepared for Mr. Henderson's announcement of his intention to withdraw from public life. This not only discloses a schism in the party in the West, but brings this schism into the next House of Representatives. It necessitates the choice of a new Speaker, and in the selection of the Republican nominee for that office the issue of tariff reform will surely enter. Mr. Henderson says that he withdraws because he is opposed to any change whatever in duties on imports, but he rather inconsistently favors reciprocity with Cuba. "I do not agree with many of my people," he says, "that Trusts, to which I am and have been opposed, can be cured or the people benefited by free trade, in whole or in part." What free trade is in whole we can easily understand. It means the repeal of all protective duties—which nobody in Iowa, certainly no Iowa Republican, has ever dreamed of. Free trade in part would mean any reduction of any protective duty—as, for instance, a lowering of the duty on steel billets from six dollars per ton to five dollars per ton. Such a reduction would, according to Mr. Henderson's view, be ruinous to the country. Yet in another place he says that he has never been opposed to making "needed changes" in the tariff, but he extinguishes that gleam of light by adding:

"I must say, and emphatically, that I do not believe that a single schedule of the Dingley tariff law can be so amended as to relieve the people from the oppression of Trusts or combinations of capital, however named, and that such action may involve the retarding of our expanding commerce and getting and holding of foreign markets. Indeed, I believe such a plan to be fraught with grave dangers to the people."

Mr. Henderson concludes his interview on this subject by saying that he is "opposed to unnecessary legislation which would plunge the country into panic and bring back the horrors of the last Democratic Administration." He refers to the panic of 1893, which was brought on by the Republican legislation of 1890, including the Sherman Silver Law and the McKinley tariff. The direful consequences of the former are now pretty well understood. It is quite generally conceded that the process of injecting the proceeds of 4,500,000 ounces of silver monthly into the currency in the form of new legal-tender notes, created distrust in financial circles at home and abroad—a distrust that grew with every monthly purchase of bullion. This alone would have produced a panic

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in time, but it was accelerated by the McKinley tariff, whose declared purpose was "to reduce the revenue," and which accomplished its aims to such an extent that the outgoing Harrison Administration barely escaped a deficit, while the incoming Cleveland Administration had to face one immediately. These two measures made the panic of 1893 inevitable. Everybody could see that the gold reserve in the Treasury must be used to meet the current expenses of the Government; and how could the greenbacks and the Sherman notes be redeemed when the gold reserve was drained off for other purposes? Everybody knows, moreover, that the Wilson tariff bill was not passed till August 15, 1894. The last Democratic Administration simply fell heir to the mischievous legislation of the preceding Republican Administration, of which Mr. Henderson himself was no inconsiderable factor in the House.

The most probable explanation of Mr. Henderson's withdrawal is, that he feared that he would be beaten in the coming election. He must have known the state of feeling among his constituents, and he would hardly have yielded to the opposing forces in his own party if he had believed that he could be elected in spite of them. At all events, his withdrawal is the most striking demonstration possible of the strength of the tariff-reform sentiment among the Republicans of the Middle West. It must have tremendous influence in stiffening the purpose of the young and progressive element to burst the bonds of the high tariff. Hundreds of thousands of plain people—farmers in the West, and small shopkeepers, clerks, and laborers in the East—have felt with growing unrest the pressure of the tariff. They have seen the cost of living rise far faster than their earnings, and they have laid the blame largely at the door of the Dingley Act and of the Trusts that have flourished under it. When Senator Hanna and Speaker Henderson join in the sentiment that not "a single schedule of the Dingley Act can be so amended as to relieve the people from the oppression of the Trusts," then the Western farmer, who sells in an open market and buys in a protected one, who is therefore convinced that he pays toll both going and coming, begins to think of electing as Senator or Congressman some one who has the courage and independence to amend the preposterous Dingley Act.

This desire for revision is not a sudden outburst. Any one who is familiar with the temper of the West, as revealed in the newspapers or in common talk, knows that the fire has long been smouldering. Congressman Babcock knew it last winter, when he proposed to strike protection from every commodity controlled by a monopoly. The flames have been fanned, not merely by Democrats and Populists, but by the most conservative Republicans. The time has come, then, for the protected interests to stop playing about this volcano; to make timely concessions; to grant at least a little in order to save much. It has not been for the sake of providing entertaining reading that Republican conventions in Oregon, Idaho, Wisconsin, and Iowa have recently declared for revision. The Republicans are in such dead earnest about the matter that Speaker Henderson says their bitterness in his own district can hardly be imagined. They want reform, and sooner or later they will get it. If President Roosevelt does not lead in the fight, he will be superseded by some one who will.

THE RUMANIAN CIRCULAR.

The condition of the Jews in Rumania forms the subject of an eloquent discourse on the part of Secretary Hay in the form of an official protest addressed to the Powers of Europe, the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin. The fact that we were not one of the parties to the treaty is acknowledged by Mr. Hay. He rests his appeal on broad principles of humanity and morality, and thus far he deserves the support of all men in all countries whose hearts are moved by the spectacle of suffering and injustice. "He takes my life who takes the means whereby I live," is what the persecuted Jew has been saying for a thousand years in all the countries of eastern Europe, and the saying is no less true now than it was at any other time in the world's history. The Jew is not subjected to the thumbscrew and the boot to compel him to disclose his treasures to needy princes. Modern cruelty takes another form. It begins at the bottom of the ladder instead of the top, and prevents the Jew from earning a living in fair competition with his fellows. This form of cruelty is apparently increasing in severity in the countries named. In Russia, not long since, the Jews were actually expelled from large districts where they had resided from time immemorial. Notwithstanding all these facts, we are not exactly the people to point the finger of scorn at other nations in this particular. It is open to Rumania to retort upon us that we have several millions of citizens who are excluded from a large range of employments, not on account of their religious belief, but on account of their complexion. Of the two reasons for discrimination, the one based upon color is the more unreasonable, since the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, whereas any man may change his religion. If the Rumanian Minister of Foreign Affairs spares us such retort, it will not be for want of sufficient material.

The semi-official *Vossische Zeitung* speaks of Secretary Hay's circular as "one of the most interesting documents in contemporary history," and as "one of the most remarkable political acts of the present day." This is the general opinion of the European press, and in many directions the humanitarian intention and skilful form of the American note find generous recognition. But all European comment, so far, concerns the spirit rather than the letter of this unique document, which diplomacy will, after all, judge very strictly by its letter. Accordingly, it would be as foolish to take the friendly comment of the press of England, France, and Germany to be indicative of the success of the note, as it would be to regard the raging of the anti-Semitic journals as a sign of its failure.

Secretary Hay's appeal to the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin is indeed extraordinary both in substance and in form. The protest against Rumanian oppression of the Jews is of two-fold character. First, Mr. Hay alleges a specific grievance—the forced emigration to the United States of an undesirable class of refugees; second, he avers that this oppression is of so extreme and inhumane a nature as to warrant intervention by the Powers. This double character—practical and humanitarian—of the protest should be kept clearly in mind, for it is evident that what might be excellent humanitarianism might or might not be good diplomacy. Any appeal against an unwelcome immigration at New York or maltreatment of the Jews on the Danube would naturally be made to the offending party, and it seems to be implied in the note that Secretary Hay has made tentative and unsuccessful efforts to open direct negotiations with Rumania. However that may be, he has chosen finally a method rarely used except against semi-civilized nations—that of an appeal for joint action by the Powers.

But, again, his initiative is of an unprecedented kind. Finding that under her terms of inauguration by the Treaty of Berlin, Rumania is forbidden to discriminate against any person on grounds of religion, Secretary Hay points out that this contract has been broken by Rumania to the detriment of the United States. For this reason he requests the signatory Powers to take measures to make Rumania keep faith. Now the United States is not a party to the Treaty of Berlin; and if that were the whole of our case, Mr. Hay would undoubtedly receive an identical note reminding him that in this matter neither the signatory Powers were under contract to the United States, nor was Rumania, with which direct negotiation was always practicable. But Mr. Hay is too fine a hand at the diplomatic game to lay himself open to so facile a rebuff. To provide against that contingency, he secured the support of the British Foreign Office. The terms of its circular to the signatory Powers have not been published, but they are

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undoubtedly such as to require a distinct and formal reply. The United States becomes technically associated with the English note, and the plea for the Rumanian Jews can neither be ruled out of court nor answered by a curt identical note. Whatever the outcome of the case, it will remain as a signal instance of joint action by Great Britain and the United States in behalf of an oppressed race. Secretary Hay, too, will receive a certain credit for contriving to appear at a tribunal before which he really has no standing whatever.

As for the grievance: in the three years ending July 31 last some twenty-one thousand Rumanian immigrants, presumably Jews for the most part, have come to this country. Our immigration laws have provided for the deportation of all paupers, criminals, and diseased persons, so that those who have been passed are technically at least desirable immigrants. They have been in any case an inconsiderable fraction of our total immigration. If the remaining 400,000 Jews of Rumania constitute a menace to us, we have the remedy of making our immigration laws more rigid, even to excluding Rumanians as we do Chinese. Such a course we should not take, but it would be far more consonant with our traditions than is interference with the domestic concerns of a remote Balkan state.

Then it might fairly be maintained that Rumania has outlived her tutelage. Clearly, no treaty erecting a dependent into an independent state has indefinite duration. Sooner or later the new nation outgrows the conditions of its founding, and assumes all the dignities of an independent power. Rumania may hardly admit that dependence upon the signatory Powers which Mr. Hay assumes with such confidence. She is a valued adjunct to the Triple Alliance, to the members of which her obligations are more recent and vital than to the Powers at large. Her area of approximately 50,000 square miles far exceeds that of Portugal, or Greece, and is a third larger than the combined areas of Denmark, Holland, and Belgium. Her population of 5,912,000 souls is greater than that of Denmark, Greece, Holland, Portugal, Sweden, or Norway. Her annual revenue is nearly 9,000,000 pounds sterling, imports upwards of 13,000,000 pounds, war strength 168,000 men. This is a lusty state to be kept in nonage, and to be dealt with under a contract compulsory to begin with, and violated with impunity for twenty years past. We may safely surmise that the Triple Alliance will not give Mr. Hay any answer that can be construed as a rebuke of its new coadjutor, that Russia will do nothing to heighten the distrust in which Rumania already holds her, that the appeal to the Treaty of Berlin will be disallowed, and that England and the United States will remain benevolent voices crying aimlessly in the wilderness, and saved from ridicule only through the fact that there is a certain humane intention in their appeal, which, however, the next punitive expedition of England or disfranchising of an American negro population may strikingly belie.

INDIFFERENCE TO ART.

Artists are, as a rule, convinced that the public is not only profoundly ignorant of art, but profoundly indifferent to it, and this conviction is by no means confined to artists who are materially unsuccessful. Even those whose work is bought and paid for on a fairly liberal scale, have a dissatisfied feeling that it is not really understood, but is admired and liked for what are, to them, inessential qualities. Perhaps they are, at times, a trifle unreasonable—they may even, conceivably, be mistaken in what they think essential. They are frequently accused of caring for nothing but technique, and the accusation is sometimes true. On the other hand, it seems to them that the public cares for nothing but subject. Our landscape painters are, perhaps, least out of harmony with their environment, but even they must sometimes feel that the interest in the thing depicted is out of proportion to the interest in what the artist has made of it: our figure-painters and our sculptors feel it much more.

Two of the most remarkable developments in art, of recent years, are in mural painting and in monumental sculpture. Building after building has been filled with decorations; some of our best artists have been kept constantly busy at such work, and have almost ceased to produce easel pictures; the people have thronged to the Library of Congress and the Boston Public Library to see the paintings. Monument after monument has been erected; our best sculptors have commissions three deep; no soldier or politician appears too unimportant to have his statue. All this seems, at first sight, to show a lively interest in art, but does it? Watch the people in the Boston Library, before Sargent's "History of Religion," consulting their guide-books and puzzling out the meaning of the figures, and you will conclude that the subject is all that interests them. The action of committees, the tone of criticism in the press, all point the same way. The first business of a work of art is to be beautiful; the first business of a decoration is to decorate. But let a painter spend his best energies on devising a scheme of beautiful and appropriate line and color which shall set off and complete the architecture of the room, and he is almost certain to be sneered at for his "meaningless figures," and to be scolded for "not telling anything." Let him make a clever illustration of history or legend, and he will be praised no matter how confused is his composition, or how full of holes his color-scheme. The true decorator has to pretend to be an illustrator to satisfy his patrons, and he has to fight committees to escape from utterly unmanageable "historical subjects," or to devise ingenious circumventions and allegories which shall allow him some beauty while nominally conforming to the demands made upon him. He does not give art because the public asks it of him; he gives as much art as he is allowed to give by a public which is interested in other things.

The case is much the same with sculpture. Our sculptors are kept busy, but they are kept busy modelling trousers and hats. How often does one of them have an opportunity to produce a really sculpturesque and ideal work—a figure, nude or draped, treated for its sculpturesque beauty alone? Our parks and squares are full of statues; how many of them have any real beauty or are really ornaments of the places in which they stand? It is not wholly the fault of the sculptors—they would do better if they were allowed. Of course, there are incompetents among them, but there are also great and true artists, who seize every chance for beauty and often achieve it, though sometimes in devious ways and by side issues. What the public wants is not a work of art, but a monument to this or that man, of whom, often on slight enough grounds, it has made a hero; and generally it insists on a portrait statue, no matter how unstatuesque the hero may have been, and resents, more or less, even the poor little accessory allegory by which the artist tries to escape, for a moment, from the hideous and the real. Our statues are ugly, in the main, because we like to have them so.

The newspaper press may be thought to give a fair reflection of the wants of its readers, and the newspaper reports of the unveiling of statues show a marked indifference to the question of art. Examples abound, and are to be drawn even from journals which habitually show interest in art. Such a one must print the news, sometimes, as it comes to it; and one such printed, the other day, a quarter of a column on the dedication of a statue to Governor Flower, in which the name of the sculptor was not so much as mentioned, though that sculptor happened to be our greatest master. The reporter may well have thought that art criticism was not his province, and that he was not called upon to attempt it; but he was so convinced of the indifference of the public to art that it did not occur to him that any one might like to know, merely as a matter of news, that the statue was by Saint Gaudens. But if the journal in question took one statue from Mr. Saint Gaudens, it made up for it by presenting him with another, for a few days afterward it spoke of the Channing statue, which is to be erected in the

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Boston Public Garden, as "one of the best of Saint Gaudens's efforts." It is possible that the real author of the work in question, Mr. Herbert Adams, may be annoyed at this attribution, but he should consider the compliment to his skill implied in it. Besides, he is probably used to this sort of thing. The editor who should confuse the author of 'Captain Macklin' with the author of 'The Crisis' would never hear the end of it; but nobody cares about sculptors.

No, the public does not really care for art—that is the truth of it; and so art matters are carelessly reported or not reported at all, and silences and blunders which would hardly occur in the sporting column, escape the notice of the editors. They are symptoms of that indifference to art, as art, and that interest in art mainly for its subject-matter, of which we have been speaking. The reporter could not possibly have omitted the name of Governor Flower from his account; the paragrapher could not have confused Dr. Channing with, for instance, Deacon Chapin—these are the subjects of the works of art, and sure to be interesting. But he could forget the artist entirely, or negligently confuse him with another. There is some consolation, however, in the reflection that it has never been otherwise, and that good art has been produced just the same. At some epochs there has been a more sensitive and educated public than at others, but in the days of Pheidias, as in the days of Titian, it was, after all, the subject that was talked of; and then, as now, the art was something beside the bargain, which the artist gave because he wanted to, not because he was asked for it. The patron has always asked for history, or religion, or likeness, or anything but art; and the artist has always given as much of these as would gild the pill, or the pill has been refused and the artist has starved. Art has gone on because there are always some men born artists, and always some born appreciators of art. The many have been indifferent to art, but they have been tickled with the subject, and have consented that the artist should live; and the few appreciators have, by dint of iteration, convinced the many that the art of this or that artist is worthy of attention; so that, if he has but been dead long enough, we will take (or feign) an interest in his art, even when the subject does not please us. Those of our artists who deserve the name will go on putting into their work as much art as they can, if not as much as they might, and in the long run they will get due credit for it.

THE PASSING OF 'FESTUS.'

There are books which fortunately outlive their authors. There are books which, perhaps still more happily, die before those who made them. But the once famous 'Festus'—the English embodiment of what the Transcendental period represented in America—has lived in the prolonged years of its author, has passed through eleven or more editions in England and thirty or more in this country, and has been growing, alas! bulkier and far heavier as years went on. Theology and metaphysics, which were at first the mere by-play or by-work of its youthful and romantic scenes, had gradually submerged its early attractiveness, and had made it at last unreadable to those who were the compeers and spectators of its early fame. The edition of 1839, which bore no author's name and which the author tried to call in for suppression, is now the only one which recalls to its first lovers the treasure they once thought they had found. The recent death of Philip James Bailey, at the ripe age of eighty-six, will produce for a month or two some added sales of 'Festus,' and it is altogether likely that the book itself will then pass away, like that once almost equally famous under the name of 'Proverbial Philosophy,' each slowly perishing with the period and atmosphere that gave it being. Nor is it in the least likely that either of these will come back, centuries hence, to establish what may be called a post-mortem fame, like William Blake's 'Songs of Innocence,' or like the Quatrains of Omar Khayyám.

Yet Margaret Fuller Ossoli, the keenest American critic of her time—she who announced in the *Dial* the arrival of Browning when even his own country had not discovered him—could commit the error of placing the author of 'Festus' in society where he did not quite belong; as when she criticised some other work of that day as "an interpretation of the spirit of the age far less penetrating than that of Faust or Festus." But it was a time of dreams and romance as essentially as this is a period of great mechanical discoveries; young people talked sentiment instead of business or slang, and were only too ready to be thrilled or inspired. The book itself, though long-winded, with feeble structure, imitative groups, and ineffectual endings, yet rose at unexpected moments into strong lines and even regal phrases—lines that, like the rhythm of Marlowe or Keats, uplifted life into glory. The author's very conception of literature was on its stateliest side:

"Homer is gone; and where is Jove, and where
The rival cities seven? His songs outlive
Time, tower, and god—all that then was, save
Heaven."

Or take this other passage, a quotation which often reappears with the name of some earlier author attached to it:

"Trifles like these make up the present time;
The Iliad and the Pyramids, the past."

Or this:

"We live in deeds, not words; in thoughts, not
breaths;
In feelings, not in figures like a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most
lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the
longest.

One generous feeling, one great thought; one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each day might number a thousand days
Spent as is this by nations of mankind."

The gayety of 'Festus' was rather forced, its sentiment overstrained, its essential structure directly imitative, and even as imitation ineffectual. Goethe's Satan is always Satan, his hero human in strength, human in weakness; but Bailey's Lucifer is as young and fresh as Faust himself, and is as liable to say fine things; and his student, unlike Faust's fellow-student, is as wise as his teacher. But all of them are young, all have glimpses of life, all break into lines with a Keats-like variety and vigor of cadence; sometimes almost Shaksperian in their sweep:

"There are points from which we can command
our life;
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass;
And coming things, full freighted with our fate,
Jut out, dark, on the offing of the mind.
Let them come! Many will go down in sight;
In the billow's joyous dash of death go down."

In short, Festus represented youth, and was always at his best where youth was most in evidence:

"I speak unto the young, for I am of them
And alway shall be. What are years to me?

Oh for the young heart like a fountain playing!
Flinging its bright fresh feelings up to the skies
It loves and strives to reach—strives, loves in
vain;
It is of earth and never meant for Heaven.
We laugh at love, and make a jest of Hell,
While we fear each, and seek. The sphinx-like
heart,
Consistent in its inconsistency,
Loathes life the moment that life's riddle is read;
The knot of our existence is untied
And we lie loose and useless. Life is had;
And then we sigh and say, Can this be all?
It is not what we thought—it is very well—
But we want something more—there is but death!

And to die young is youth's divinest gift—
To pass from one world fresh into another
Ere change hath lost the charm of soft regret,
And feel the immortal impulse from within
Which makes the coming, life—cry alway, on!
And follow it while strong—is Heaven's last
mercy,
The firefly only shines when on the wing;
So is it with the mind; when once we rest,
We darken. On! said God unto the soul
As to the earth for ever. On it goes,
A rejoicing native of the infinite—
As is a bird of air—an orb of heaven."

Into how many albums of young people were such lines copied; in how many conversations were they quoted, one half-century ago! Their influence led some to suicide, some to lives of heroic self-devotion; but it has now well-nigh passed away and become untraceable. As for the book which represented the period, it must follow its long-lived author into oblivion; for fame itself, like all else that belongs to the human mind, when it once rests, is darkened.

THE GENERAL STRIKE IN FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, September 2, 1902.

Cowper's dictum, "God made the country, and man made the town," came back to mind yesterday on my returning to Florence after six weeks of quiet sojourn in Panzano di Chianti, a village perched on the summit of one of the many hills nested at the foot of the mountains which shelter the province renowned for the most famous wine of Italy. There I found what I sought—fine air, comparative coolness, perfect peace. Here the métayer system prevails, as throughout the Tuscan provinces.

Though only twenty miles from Florence, with a steam tram thence to Greve, no tidings come from the city save on Friday, the market day, when some of the factors go down in their traps and by tram to learn the prices of wheat, wine, and, this year, of the famous root of the purple flag which furnishes the violet powder and essence once much used for ladies' toilettes, but which, owing to over-production and the growth of a coarser quality in Verona, has fallen from the price of 350 lire to 40 or 45. But last market day, though it was the 29th of August, they brought up no special news. On Saturday, however, the post-woman, instead of bringing in the *Nazione* (for which you must specially subscribe up there), brought a placard to the effect that, as the printers, despite their

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pledges, had suddenly gone on strike, no paper could be printed. As the *Nazione* is especially obnoxious to the working classes —is, indeed, the organ of the Florentine clique to which was due the state of siege of 1898—this did not surprise me; but on Sunday night the Panzanians, who are early to bed and early to rise, while thronging the *sala* where the last lottery tickets were sold and the best prizes drawn, began to inquire how it was that the diligence which brings up the last post had not arrived even at eleven o'clock? Had it been assailed by bandits who near Greve have from time to time attacked and robbed unwary travellers? Just before midnight the diligence arrived, but no post. The last two trams had not reached Greve, had been stopped by the strikers, and the most exaggerated accounts spread—that the troops called out had fired on the populace; some declared that they had heard cannon-shots, etc. This was vexing, as I had decided to go down by Monday's tram, stopping at Gabbiano on the way; but if there were no trams, this would be impossible.

Monday I sent to see if trams ran. They left Greve (which is the terminus), but as to reaching Florence, that was by no means certain. After much persuasion, I induced a wizened old man to take me direct to Florence in a *bagher*, the most uncomfortable two-seated vehicle imaginable. The driver would not let us halt at Gabbiano, fearing to have to sleep in Florence; but till we got to the place where the trams meet and one goes off to San Casciano, the capital of the province, nothing unusual occurred. At Tavernuzzo, however, the population were in the street, the shops closed, and all the diligences which ply to and from Florence in the courtyards. All along the road the people looked gay enough; the men were in holiday attire, loafing about, the women and children plaiting straw and knitting with their usual diligence. Several men told the driver that he ought to be on strike, and that traps were not allowed in Florence. He seemed much bewildered, but evidently thought that if he set me down in the road he would lose his fare, and so proceeded to Galluzzo, a suburb of Florence much affected by workingmen, as house rent is cheap and the odious *dazio* (octroi) is not exacted. All evidently on strike, and seemingly enjoying it; but a regular hail and rain-storm came down in torrents, wetting us to the skin, and, finding the ordinary road to Porta Romana barricaded, I had to go round by the Poggio Imperiale down the Viale, where there was no sign of any tram arriving, though we had passed one going to Greve guarded by carbineers and soldiery all armed.

Once in Florence things looked serious: the shops all closed, the streets filled with military, no bread to be purchased save at three central markets where it was provided by the municipality, not a single newspaper to be had since Friday night. Little by little we pieced things together, though no person told the same tale. A strike had been threatened on and off for the last month at the iron and steel foundry of the Pignone, where about 200 men are usually employed. About a month since the director turned off twenty-two of the men, on pretext of slack work. The rest offered to work shorter time at the same wages, so that twenty-two families might not be left to starve, but the director refused. The men struck; he called in outsiders, refusing to treat with the secretary of the Chamber of Labor (Camera di Lavoro), who is the representative of the federated societies of the arts and trades of Florence. Here, according to general opinion, he was in the wrong; but the leading Socialists who seem to lord it over the Chamber of Labor out-heroded him. On the 27th of August they decided to call on all the arts and trades of Florence to demonstrate their "solidarity with the workmen of the Pignone by coming out on strike." On the 28th they issued a proclamation giving twenty-four hours to all the working classes to obey this order. Bear in mind that these gentlemen of "light hearts" not only had provided no funds to support the strikers during a period whose duration they could not decide, but had not even consulted the Chambers of Labor in other cities as to their willingness to second the movement by subscription; neither did they accede to the suggestion of some of the workers at the Pignone that they should wait until the board of managers of the foundry should arrive and decide whether or not to approve the conduct of the director. Had they really had at heart the assistance of the men on strike at the Pignone foundry, would it not have been more practical to call on all the arts and trades to continue work, and to contribute a fixed portion of their wages towards the maintenance of the families of the strikers?

After brief consultation in all the separate sections of the arts and trades, a mass meeting of the workingmen was held in the ex-barracks of the Carmine. Eighteen thousand at least were present. A general strike was proclaimed, the men being assured that their unanimous decision would compel the managers of the Pignone to accede to the demands of the workmen. The Government had made ample arrangements for the maintenance of order. The instructions to the prefect were not to take sides with masters or men, but to ensure public safety and the liberty of the workmen who should choose not to strike, or to those who should take the place of the strikers. Meanwhile, the board of managers of the Pignone held a meeting and decided that in no case would they dismiss the fifty men taken on to replace the strikers to avoid the closing of the foundry, but that they would take back at once one hundred of the strikers, including some of the twenty-two dismissed at the outset; the choice to be left to themselves. These one hundred would take rank after the newcomers, and so at any rate would lose long years of service time. The directors promised that, if the work should justify it, they would take on all who asked to be reëmployed, giving them progressive numbers; all bygones to be bygones, and the old labor contract to be respected.

These proposals were rejected unanimously, and the general strike began. The working bakers were the first to strike unanimously. The arrangements of the municipality were already made in anticipation, and bread poured in in exuberance from Prato, Pisa, Bologna, and other cities, the only inconvenience being that the breadsellers had to go to the depots to purchase it, and that no fancy bread could be obtained. All the other trades then went on strike, the printers refusing to print any newspaper; but (and this is curious) the *Unità Cattolica* obtained the Chamber of Labor's sanction to come out for one day only (the 29th). On the 30th the strike was really general, and the railway workingmen in the workshops declared their solidarity with their brethren, but many of their number did not see their way clear to break the agreement come to after the last strike, and not a single train was delayed for an instant. The cabmen struck one and all. The tramway men were divided. They were evidently against a strike, but the mass of strikers hindered the departure of the trams for one day only, and the directors, to prevent their being insulted, advised the rest to leave their uniforms at home and to dress in plain clothes.

Here be it noted that the police and the carbineers, considerably reinforced, did yeomen's service in securing the "liberty of work" by arresting any and every person who insulted or threatened another for not "coming out." The most serious affair was the strike of the gasworkers and lighters on the eve of the 30th. The municipality had counted on the firemen, who had promised to serve if protected from molestation. Warned that they were municipal servants and would be protected, their commander, ranging them in line, bid those who refused to serve to step out of the ranks. No one stirred. Here the action of Del Buono, Secretary of the Chamber of Labor, in nowise praiseworthy, seems to me as tactless as it was outrageous. He went in person, accompanied by some of the firemen, to the municipal offices, where the Executive Committee was in permanent session, to protest against the order given to the firemen to replace the gasmen; it not being their business to light and extinguish the city lamps. Asking ironically whether the programme of the workingmen's federation sanctioned the plunging a populous city into total darkness and exposing it to murder, robbery and incendiarism, the assessor, Niccolini, affirmed that the city would be lighted at any cost, and again the firemen signified their willingness and signed individually their pledge to light up. Meanwhile, an order of the prefect prohibited any gathering in the streets or squares of the city. The firemen assembled in their barracks, ready to obey the orders of their commandant, when an immense crowd gathered with threatening cries, only to be instantly dispersed by the troops. The three trumpet calls (corresponding to the reading of the Riot Act) sufficed. But the firemen, either frightened by the threatening cries of the crowd, or otherwise indisposed to fulfil their promise, refused to quit their barracks, despite the peremptory orders of their commander. The municipal guards declared themselves incompetent to light the lamps, but the gasworkers offered their services, and, guarded by the troops and police, the city was lighted more or less, no disorders occurring. Nevertheless, some 200 arrests were made of men who attempted to hinder the lighting of the gas, or who otherwise interfered with pacific workers. The arrests included a goodly number of loafers "known to the police." It should be said that the different sections of the arts and trades had formed a squad-

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ron of guards to assist in the maintenance of order.

As the tramway men, the omnibus drivers, and conductors decided on a partial strike, all the office men and inspectors offered their services. Next the cooks and waiters of the hotels and restaurants and cafés struck. Some of the hotels were closed; in the restaurants the owners and their families managed to serve their not numerous customers. Then the carters and porters of the public transport service went out; the street-sweepers, the tailors, hat and cap-makers, and greengrocers joining. Another mass-meeting of about 20,000 strikers was held at the Carmine, the interior of the barracks occupied by the police and municipal guards; two squadrons of cavalry and three companies of infantry being drawn up in the square when the President, Signor Del Buono, announced exultingly that the strike was now general, as the masons and their helpers, the workmen of the military magazines, the peasants, had joined the ranks. A vote of thanks was sent to the firemen and municipal guards who had refused to light the lamps, and a vote of blame to the heads of works or shops who had declared that they would not take back the men on strike. The strikers of the Pignone proposed to withdraw their demand for the dismissal of the new men taken on, if the managers would agree to readmit all the original workers, including the twenty-two dismissed in the first instance; and Signor Rossi gave it as his well-founded belief that the managers, on that very evening, would accept this compromise. In this case the strike would cease, but only after all the arrested had been set at liberty.

During the night some miscreants cut numerous gas-tubes distributing some 6,000 cubic metres of gas, so that the city was only partially illuminated. The prefect, on the first of September, issued an order prohibiting any public meeting to be held in the open or in any building whatsoever. The interview between the workingmen's commission and the Director of the Pignone foundry, after an animated discussion which lasted far into the small hours (four municipal councillors present), ended as it began. Director Benini affirmed that the establishment could not take on more than one hundred of the original workmen, having already fifty new ones, as the work on hand did not justify an increase of hands; but he pledged his word that no new hands should be introduced save in the case of specialists or apprentices, and promised to take into consideration any suggestion for the modification of the new rules. The workmen's commission declined to accept these terms, as out of 210 workmen 110 would be left destitute by it, and it was impossible at this season of the year for them to find work in any other foundries. Many small groups assembled in the Piazza della Signoria (as the discussion was held in the municipal offices in the Palazzo Vecchio), waiting patiently throughout the night, but at two A. M. all hope of an adjustment vanished, as Signor Benini declined to submit the quarrel to arbitrators. The delegates did not feel their courage up to announcing their fiasco to their electors; so glided out of the palace by a side door, and the waiters understood that their hopes were to be disappointed only on seeing the lights extinguished in the Council Chamber.

On the morrow, it was clear to all that the general strike could not be maintained. The workmen of the foundry who decided to remain on strike, saw themselves that they were demanding useless sacrifice from their comrades. The mass of workmen, precluded from the Carmine, assembled at the hall of the Chamber of Labor in Via dei Tintori, but were advised to disperse and to meet and deliberate in their several sections. Even without waiting for this, most of the men returned to their work. The shops which on Sunday and Monday had nearly all been closed, partly through fear, partly from good nature and a desire to avoid collision with the employees, were all opened on Tuesday; the cabmen hastened to their station at the usual hour. In some sections the men voted for continuing the strike, but numbers prevailed for its immediate cessation. The printers all returned to their work, the bakers to the bake-houses, so that some 4,000 kilos of bread imported by the municipality were sold at low prices, or distributed to the poor. I omitted to note that among the strikers were all the female cigar-makers, who, with the men employed, now find themselves in a sorry plight, as only the leaf preparers can have work for some days.

The railway authorities suspend the strikers for three extra days, according to the regulations for punishing any workman who abandons his post without license. The company Ducco & Alessio, at the commencement of the strike, begged the Chamber of Labor to allow sixty of their men to remain, merely to keep the furnaces alight. At first this was conceded, whereupon other companies made the same demand, and the permission was withdrawn, and that company alone has 120 wagons of chemical preparations stagnant at the station. Their furnaces have to be relighted, and this is but one of the examples of the waste of money and of time engendered by this preposterous imposition of the caprice of two or three individuals on the too credulous multitude. The said Chamber of Labor, when the strike had virtually ceased by the good sense of the strikers, issued a ridiculous proclamation, thanking the Florentine proletariat for their "truly extraordinary demonstration, for the sublime example of solidarity and of civic virtue which will prove a severe warning to those who menace the progress and well-being of their class." The members of the Chamber of Labor here are already discredited, and Deputy Pescetti, the Socialist representative of the Third College, who took an active part in promoting the strike, comes in with Del Buono for his merited share of blame and discredit.

The speeches made by two "reforming" Socialists and members of Parliament—Todeschini and Barbato, the philanthropic doctor of Pian dei Greci in Sicily—have made a great impression here. Barbato explained to such of the men as he came in contact with, that a general strike cannot be justified, because it inflicts too much misery on all classes, their own especially; that it can never produce economic progress, strikes being legitimate only when the workers have some real grievance against their respective employers, whereas in this case they had none. Employers also will have learned a lesson. They were assured that, if they kept their works open, they and their men would be protected; but, save in one case, they made no effort to induce their men who had no grievances to be redressed to remain at their posts. The one exception was the porcelain manufactory (the famous Ginori, now Ginori & Richard), which has its works at La Doccia, its magnificent warehouse in the Via Ginori. Richard, the working partner, on hearing that his men were going out as a proof of their "solidarity," called them together, and warned them that they were at liberty to go, but they had better get their wages settled on the spot, as he was resolved to close the works, and that on reopening them he would not take back a single workman who had quitted his post on such an absurd pretext. Not one man left work, and the factory received no molestation. The same may be said of the owners of shops, hotels, and restaurants; but they made not even a show of resistance, let their workers go, and have now taken them all back without remonstrance. They were "afraid," believed the Chamber of Labor to be all-powerful, and the Government too indulgent or too weak to protect them; the populace too valiant to be put down by the police and the soldiery, without, at any rate, violence and bloodshed. How mistaken they were they now see. Not only has the Government "kept order"; with the exception of the cutting of the gas-tubes, whose authors have not yet been discovered, there has not been a single case of violence or damage done to property, not a case of theft or aggression.

The idea of a general strike as a solution of the social question has been anxiously fostered for the last ten years. Florence has made the experiment, the strikers have paid dearly for their whistle. The pledge-breaking firemen are to be proceeded against, though it is not certain whether the articles of the municipal code apply to municipal servants called on, in an emergency, to perform duties not stipulated in their contract; the leaders, the sole instigators of the strike, have covered themselves with ridicule and are blamed by all parties without distinction, and at the coming Socialist Congress at Imola, where the evolutionists and reformers with Turati at their head will be in full force, it is probable that they will be called on to give account of their stewardship. Assuredly they will not be reëlected by the Florentine Chamber of Labor. But many waters will flow into the sea before the workers of a large city will furnish another proof of their "sublime civic virtues," their "solidarity and universal brotherhood," by coming out in a general strike. J. W. M.

BISHOP TALLEYRAND.—II.

PARIS, September 10, 1902.

A dramatic author, justly forgotten, named Arnault, gives the following description of Talleyrand at the time when he entered the States-General. In his 'Souvenirs d'un Sexagénaire' Arnault says that in June, 1789, when he was walking in the Garden of Versailles, he saw a young man lying under a tree with a book in his hand.

"His face, which was not without charm, struck me, however, less by its features than by its expression, by a certain mixture of nonchalance and malignity which

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gave it a special character—that of an angel's head animated by the spirit of a devil. It was evidently the face of a man of fashion, more used to occupy others with himself than to occupy himself with them; of a man who, though young, was already sated with the pleasures of the world. I should naturally have assigned that face to a page or to a fashionable colonel, if the hat and the *rabat* had not told me that it belonged to an ecclesiastic, and if the cross on his breast had not proved to me that this ecclesiastic was a prelate."

This prelate was the Bishop of Autun, and we can see the exactness of Arnault's description of him in the numerous portraits which were afterwards made of Talleyrand. M. Bernard de Lacombe makes a just remark when he says that "Talleyrand had this originality, that, alone perhaps of his kind, he met the Revolution without hatred; with his quick intellect and his easy conscience, he had the merit of being astonished by nothing and of feeling no indignation at anything."

On the 4th of May, 1789, the Court and the twelve hundred Deputies assembled at Versailles went in procession to the Church of Notre Dame, and heard the mass of the Holy Spirit. The next day the States-General were opened by the King in the Hôtel des Menus. An important question at once arose: would the powers of the Deputies be verified, as they had heretofore been, separately by each order, by the nobility, by the clergy, by the third estate, or would they be verified by the three orders assembled? As the verification in common would naturally be followed by deliberation in common, the answer to this question was to be of supreme importance. The clerical Deputies were divided on the question; the high dignitaries of the Church took the side of the Deputies of the nobility, who objected to the fusion with the *Tiers;* many curates, men of the people, were inclined to the fusion.

Talleyrand was at first opposed to the union of the orders; he was alarmed by the exaltation of the *Tiers*, and had several secret interviews with the Count d'Artois, advising him to speak to the King, to recommend him to show great firmness, and, if necessary, to pronounce the dissolution of the States-General. The Court was vacillating, and on the 17th of June the *Tiers* took the initiative and converted itself into a National Assembly. When Louis XVI. directed the three orders to retire separately to their respective places of meeting, the *Tiers* withdrew to the Jeu de Paume, and its members took the famous oath which may be considered as the beginning of the Revolution. On the 24th of June a hundred and fifty clerical Deputies, headed by some bishops and an archbishop, took their seats among the members of the *Tiers*. Two days afterwards, only, Talleyrand joined the Commons, without making any speech, and, the day after, Louis XVI. himself ordered the Deputies of the nobility and the dissident members of the clergy to unite with the representatives of the people.

In the National Assembly, Talleyrand played immediately a prominent part, and Malouet says in his Memoirs: "After Mirabeau, I place M. de Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun; not only as a man of distinguished mind, but as the member who, by a single motion, had the greatest influence on all the acts of the Assembly." This was a motion against the imperative mandates given to the Deputies by their electors. In thereupon rejecting the authority of the imperative mandates, the Assembly made itself *de facto* a Constituent Assembly.

On the 14th of July, Talleyrand was named member of a committee charged with making a constitution, together with the Abbé Sieyès, Mounier, Lally-Tollendal. He participated for the first time in a debate respecting the Church, on the 11th of August.

On the historical night of the 4th of August, the nobility spontaneously renounced its privileges, exemption from taxes, and tithes. A few days afterwards, a Deputy proposed that the ecclesiastical tithes should be suppressed as well. Mirabeau supported the proposition; a long debate followed. The Abbé Sieyès maintained that the ecclesiastical tithes were a necessity, and that their suppression would be spoliation. Talleyrand gave his opinion in favor of their suppression. The Archbishop of Paris pronounced the decisive words:

"In the name of my brethren, coadjutors, and all the members of the clergy belonging to this august Assembly, in my personal name, I remit all the ecclesiastical tithes to the hands of a just and generous nation. That the gospel be announced, the divine ceremonies be celebrated with decency and dignity, the churches be in the hands of virtuous and laborious priests, the poor among the people be supported—such is the destination of our tithes, such is the end of our ministry. We confide in the National Assembly, and we have no doubt that it will procure us the means of filling worthily objects so respectable and so sacred."

When the Assembly was preparing the Declaration of the Rights of Man, Talleyrand took a great part in drafting the articles. The definition of the law was his work:

"The law is the expression of the general will. All citizens have a right to assist personally or through their representatives in its formation. All citizens are equal in its eyes, are equally admissible to all dignities and public offices, according to their capacity, and without any other distinction than that of their virtues and their talents."

Gouverneur Morris used to meet Talleyrand almost daily at the house of a common friend, Madame Flahaut. Morris says that he had a hobby, "national education." Talleyrand was much interested in it, as well as in the national finances. Everybody at the time was proposing remedies for the deficit. The science of finance was in its infancy, and we may laugh now at the expedients which were proposed in the National Assembly, such as the melting of the gold and silver ornaments of the churches. What was more serious was a proposition made by a young Girondin, named Buzot, who afterwards became one of the leaders of the Gironde. He proposed that the ecclesiastical properties should revert to the nation. The revolutionary days of the 5th and 6th of October, during which the Tuileries were invaded by the people, gave a stimulus to those who advocated the confiscation of the ecclesiastical property. Talleyrand judged that the time had come, and on the 10th of October he developed from the tribune a complete plan of confiscation.

"He had no illusion," says M. de Lacombe, "about the enormity of his proposition. He invoked, at the outset of his remarks, the embarrassment of the State, the exceptional gravity of the circumstances, the impossibility of establishing new taxes in a country already impoverished, the urgency of taking proper care of those whom the abolition of tithes had left completely without help."

He made a distinction between lay and clerical property. "It seems evident to me," said he, "that the clergy does not own property in the same sense as other proprietors, since the properties of which it has the use, and of which it cannot dispose, were given to it, not in the interest of particular persons, but for the accomplishment of certain functions." He then presented a complete plan for the maintenance of the secular clergy, and the accomplishment of the obligations attaching to the ecclesiastical properties.

This proposition, emanating from the Bishop of Autun, excited great indignation in a large part of the Assembly; but it was adopted with great vehemence by Mirabeau, who even simplified it and made it more sweeping. After a stormy debate, the Assembly voted a law which changed the property of the Church into the property of the nation, and provided a salary for the regular clergy.

By his motion in the Assembly, Talleyrand enrolled himself in the party of the Revolution; he became at the same time an object of suspicion to the clergy, and the clergy of his own diocese remonstrated strongly against his conduct. The canons of Autun's cathedral sent him a protest against the motion which he had made in the National Assembly. From this moment, Talleyrand became, so to speak, a stranger to his diocese; he went no more to Autun. He was one of the founders of the club of the Friends of the Constitution, which afterwards became so famous as the Club of the Jacobins. He took a prominent part in all the festivities and ceremonies which savored of the revolutionary character. One of those great festivities is an historical landmark: the Feast of the Federation given in the Champ de Mars to the deputation of the National Guards sent from all parts of France. The King was present, having on his right side the President of the National Assembly. They were both sitting on chairs near each other. The Queen and the royal family had places prepared for them. Amid the noise of drums and of trumpets, the spectators saw Talleyrand, in his pontifical robe, assisted by two priests, celebrating mass on the "autel de la patrie." Talleyrand gave his benediction to the oriflamme and to the eighty-three banners of the newly created departments. Lafayette swore, in the name of the National Guard, to remain faithful to "the nation, the law, the King." Louis XVI. showed the young Dauphin to the people.

This feast of the 14th of July, 1790, is a curious episode in the drama of the Revolution; and the part played by Talleyrand is perhaps its strangest trait. A few months later Talleyrand adhered to the civil constitution of the clergy which had been voted by the Assembly. His example was followed by only six bishops. Open war was declared between the Revolution and the Catholic clergy. Talleyrand threw in his lot with the Revolution.

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Correspondence.

THE CHARACTER OF TIBERIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would seem that the controversy about the character of Tiberius is amicably settled by the words of Seneca, *De Clementia*, i., 6. Seneca is flattering his pupil Nero by telling him that he need not think of looking outside himself for examples of good rule—"Sed ingens tibi onus imposuisti; nemo jam divum Augustum nec Tiberii Cæsaris prima tempora loquitur; nemo quod te imitari velit exemplar extra te quæret." The early part of the reign of Tiberius (*prima tempora*) was good, the latter part bad. If we say that the whole reign was good, what are we to make of Sejanus, Capreæ, and the letter from Capreæ to the Senate?

The political attitude of Tacitus was not that of indiscriminate hostility to the Empire. He was content with it so long as the Emperor was a Nerva who "res olim dissociabiles miscuit, principatum et libertatem." Nerva's reign was to him "beatissimi sæculi ortus."—Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

TORONTO, Sept. 15, 1902.

PROFESSOR SLEDD AND EMORY COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was only a few days ago that I learned from the *Nation* that Prof. Andrew Sledd had been practically forced to resign his chair at Emory College, in consequence of his article, "The Negro—Another View," in the July *Atlantic*. I read the article on its first appearance, and thought, "That is plain talk, but it is, certainly in its main contentions, not only true but just, and will be tolerated and do good because the author is evidently a Southerner." Since hearing of the action of Emory College and of the criticism which led to it—none of which I have seen—I have twice reread Professor Sledd's paper, and see no reason to change my first opinion. Not only is the article, in all essential points, just, but it emanates from a proper source. Professor Sledd is a Virginian, an honor graduate of Randolph-Macon College, M. A. of Harvard University, and (till now) Professor of Latin in Emory College. Such a Southerner best knows the facts, can best understand the situation, and can, if necessary, most fittingly and effectively admonish his own people. Such a man had the right to speak his mind, on a grave and serious question, honestly and fearlessly; and if he seemed anywhere unnecessarily severe on Southern people, this might have been attributed to over-zeal in making his main points, and certainly merited no worse penalty than criticism.

But how was he treated? Some one raised a bitter clamor, recommending a coat of tar and feathers, and dismissal from the college; some papers then took up the cry; a few trustees and a timid president got scared; and a bare quorum of the Executive Committee met and accepted a resignation virtually forced from the Professor. The mob's bidding has been done, but unfortunately it is no longer the crowd but the college that stands committed to the policy of suppression of free speech.

I assume that this action does not represent the best sentiment in Georgia. I have too much respect for Georgia, know too many noble Georgians, to believe it does. Such people must realize that this brings reproach on the State and the whole South, and is detrimental to the best interests of education and of civilization. I am a Southerner, sprung from ancestors on both sides who have lived in Virginia and the Carolinas for at least a hundred and fifty years; and I have spent most of my life in the South. Because I love and believe in my native section, I insist that this action puts her to shame; and in the name of justice and fairness and honest conviction and free speech, I protest. I plead for the section rather than the man. A scholar of high character, who has the ability to express himself with such force and clearness, is not likely to suffer seriously in the long run, but he should have been allowed to stay at home and work where he can be most effective and is most needed.

I have naturally had opportunity to consult few Southerners on this matter, but the seven whom I have seen or heard from condemn the action of Emory College as strongly as I do. The most influential Georgian whom I know personally says: "While not agreeing *in toto* with the paper in the *Atlantic*, I hold its main contentions were correct and just. So thinking people here, who are right-minded, all agree. . . . It has grieved and humiliated me beyond measure. It discredits the college and the South." An eminent college president from another State, speaking for himself as well as for a distinguished preacher and a widely known business man—the three representing three different States—writes me: "We all agreed that the article was a strong presentation of an important subject, and that it contained nothing to warrant the criticisms of Mrs. Felton and others." These men represent the States of Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Missouri, and they all bear names known from one end of the South to the other.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES FORSTER SMITH.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, Sept. 15, 1902.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an instance of the activity with which the education of the young American girl is being carried forward, I have been much struck with the announcement, just made in the Springfield *Republican*, of the additions to be made this year to the faculty of Mount Holyoke College. When it is remembered that this is one of the less important of the women's colleges, and that the additions are among its younger teachers; and when it is also borne in mind that it is only a very few years since, in the men's colleges, a simple graduate was considered good enough to be put in at once as a tutor, it will certainly be admitted that this is a very remarkable sign of the times:

"The college faculty is somewhat changed and increased. Miss Nellie Neilsson, Ph.D., of Bryn Mawr, and reader in the English department there for three years, is to teach in the history department. Miss Mary E. Trueblood, A.M., of the University of Michigan and a student at the University of Göttingen, is to teach mathematics. Miss Bertha Young, A.B., of Vassar, who has taught at Wheaton Seminary, and has studied the past year at the University of Oxford, is the new member of the English Literature department. Mrs. Henrietta Fangel of New York is to be a reader in the English department. Mrs. Fangel has lived in Paris for seven or eight years, during a part of which time she devoted herself to art. . . . Miss Nathalie Wipplenger, Ph.D., of the University of Freiburg, will teach in the German department. Miss Minnie Graham, A.B., Mount Holyoke, 1900, will assist in chemistry. . . . Miss Alice Stevens will take Dr. Hinsdale's place as the head of the German department. Dr. Hinsdale is spending a year abroad. . . . Miss Effie Smith, head of the department of mathematics, and Miss Anne Young, head of the astronomy department, who studied last year at the University of Chicago, have returned to resume their work here."

And it is not forty years since the first well-equipped college for women was founded, and we discussed anxiously the question whether women were capable of taking the ordinary college course at all! Could Mrs. Willard and Mary Lyon—the pioneers in the work of women's education—see what results have followed from their early labors, they might well think that they had builded better than they knew. X.

AS TO THE PRINTING OF DOCTOR DISSERTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the official publications of the University of Chicago there has recently appeared a doctor dissertation so utterly devoid of true scientific spirit that one is tempted to take it for an intentional parody on learning. The author professes to discuss "The Treatment of Nature in German Literature from Günther to the Appearance of Goethe's Werther." Instead of studying the causes which account for the well-known fact of a gradual deliverance from artificial conceptions of natural scenery and outdoor life during the period mentioned, he simply strings together, through more than a hundred pages, random excerpts from poems, letters, descriptions of travel, belonging to that period, and, on the strength of such "material," traces a "development" some of whose features are thus stated:

"There is no full appreciation of day and night until after the first half of the century, when the literature (Klopstock, Herder, Hölty), letters (Herder, Mlle. Lucius), and travels (Uffenbach, Forster) show unmistakable signs of the new attitude, of which Goethe was to become the best exponent." . . . "Brockes discovered the charms of autumn and winter, and in due time they became the subject of song (Klopstock, Claudius, Stolberg), despite the Anacreontic poets, who persisted in seeing only their disagreeable features. A similar change occurs in the letters of this period. Frau von Gottsched prefers working at her desk to sleigh-riding (1735), but Klopstock enjoys skating from sunrise to sunset (1768)." . . . "It is quite remarkable that, as early as 1722, Elisabeth von Orléans expresses her delight in seeing the phenomenon of a thunder-storm. Not until many years later do we find an adequate appreciation of its majesty (Lichtenberg)." . . . "As regards some of the men, the Anacreontics and Klopstock, for example, it may be added that, unlike Rousseau, they enjoy country life and nature best in the company of friends—a view of nature characteristic of the transition stage."

Now, there may be a question as to whether this sort of thing should or should not

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be accepted as a thesis for the degree of doctor of philosophy. But there can be no question that, if it should become the practice of our universities to *print* such matter, the cause of true learning would seriously be injured. Let us be careful not to imitate the hack work of the ordinary German doctor dissertation. The best safeguard against this danger seems to lie in the principle, now practically adopted at Harvard University, of making the printing of a doctor thesis not an obligation, but a distinction. KUNO FRANCKE.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., September 21, 1902.

Notes.

Further announcements from G. P. Putnam's Sons are a "Hampshire Edition" of Jane Austen's Works; a third, revised, edition of Leslie Stephen's 'English Thought in the Eighteenth Century'; 'Songs of England's Glory,' compiled by William Canton and H. P. Robinson; 'A History of German Literature,' by John G. Robertson, Ph.D.; 'Mediæval India under Mohammedan Rule,' by Stanley Lane-Poole; 'The Administration of Dependencies,' by Alpheus H. Snow; 'Rhode Island: Its Making and Meaning,' by Irving Berdine Richman; 'Insurance and Crime,' by Alexander Colin Campbell; and 'The Lost Art of Reading,' by Gerald Stanley Lee.

'The Art of Success,' by J. T. Knowlton, will shortly be published by Frederick Warne & Co.

In John Lane's fall list we observe 'New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle,' illustrated; 'Early Prose Writings of James Russell Lowell'; 'New Poems,' by Theodore Watts Dunton; 'With Napoleon at St. Helena,' translated from the memoirs of Dr. John Stokoe, as edited by Paul Frémaux; and 'A New Portrait of Shakspere,' by the author of 'The Elizabethan Hamlet.'

Frederick A. Stokes Co. have in hand 'Fairy Tales from the Swedish,' a novel collection, edited by Baron Gabriel Djurklon, and a Life of Mme. du Barry, by James L. Ford.

'The Private Soldier under Washington,' by Charles K. Bolton, and 'The Spirit in Man,' from the literary remains of Horace Bushnell, are to proceed from Messrs. Scribner.

Funk & Wagnalls Co. announce 'Kuloskap, the Master,' Algonkin legends and poems, by Charles Godfrey Leland and John Dyneley Prince; 'The Spirit of the Ghetto,' by Hutchins Hapgood; and 'Raymund Lull,' first missionary to the Moslems, by the Rev. S. M. Zwemer, D.D.

The author of 'Japanese Homes and their Surroundings,' Prof. Edward S. Morse, has composed a corresponding work, 'Glimpses of China and Chinese Homes,' illustrated from his note-books with facile pencil. Little, Brown & Co. will publish it.

An experienced worker in his chosen field, Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert, has prepared a series of fifteen monographs on 'The Historic Highways of America,' from mound-builders to canal-makers, which are now in process of issuance, at the rate of one every two months, by the Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s new edition of Thoreau's 'Walden' will satisfy lovers of that classic and its author. The second (rubricated) title-page is a well-balanced composition, and there are numerous portraits of the Concord group, photogravure views of Concord River, Walden Woods and Pond, White Pond and other natural features. The letterpress has the customary excellence of the Riverside Press.

It is seldom that a work even on art is deservedly treated to such a sumptuous dress as has been given to the second edition of Mr. Langton Douglass's 'Fra Angelico' (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan). We have nothing to add to our high praise of this admirable study rendered two years ago. It is not only the last but the weightiest word on its subject—authoritative and convincing. In its present form it is still not a dear book.

The associations with Fox How evoked by E. P. Arnold-Forster's name on the title-page of his 'Poems of Schiller' (Henry Holt & Co.) prove to connect themselves with the pedestrian side of Matthew Arnold's poetry. "I claim," says this translator, "no more for the following translations than that they are a tolerably faithful rendering of the original poems of Schiller." This is both modest and truthful: we get the content, but without the accuracy or style of a good prose version. The typography of this volume is open and attractive.

E. P. Dutton & Co. of this city are importing the excellent series of "Histories of the Colleges of Oxford" published in London two or three years ago by F. E. Robinson & Co. The volumes already received are 'Merton,' by Bernard W. Henderson; 'Balliol,' by H. W. Carless-Davis; 'Christ Church,' by Rev. Henry L. Thompson; and 'Oriel,' by David Watson Rannie. These books, taken together, exhibit very clearly certain prominent features in the history of English education. They show, for example, how various were the motives which inspired the founders of the different colleges—Merton being intended to counteract the influence of the friars, while Balliol was established as a school for the Franciscans. The important part which the colleges have played in the history of England is also plainly brought out. From the time of the Lollards down through the Renaissance and the Puritan period to the Tractarian movement, we see how closely Oxford has been in touch with the life of the nation. Such studies as those contained in this series are, therefore, of real value to the historian. It is interesting to note how the modern revolution in educational methods and ideals has left untouched many quaint survivals of past centuries. It would be possible to fill several columns with an account of curious usages taken from these four books alone. Another matter of interest to the general reader is the succession of remarkable personalities whom college life seems to have developed. In each of these volumes the sketches of heads of houses form quite a portrait gallery of character miniatures. Many of the particulars of the history of the college fabrics will, of course, appeal only to those who have associations with the buildings concerned, but this section occupies but a small proportion of the whole. The series may be heartily commended not only to the antiquarian and the historical investigator, but to the student of life and the friend of letters.

Mrs. Crawford's 'Raphael' (London: Catholic Truth Society) is the best monograph on that great artist that can be recommended to the general reader. He will find therein all that he need know, and the surest guidance to the appreciation and enjoyment of that sanest and noblest of old masters. We know no other work on the subject so balanced in judgment, so free from error, and so up to date. It sells for sixpence. With twenty illustrations, it would be more welcome at even four times the price.

The great merit of Prof. William C. Lawton's 'Introduction to the Study of American Literature' is its unconventional treatment. It is transfused with an ardent personality interested in its subject, and sure to carry the reader along. Seldom does the maker of such text-books bring himself upon the scene in such a human fashion as when Mr. Lawton speaks, apropos of Judd's 'Margaret,' of "my own vain struggles honestly to read this 'crude, careless, irrelevantly improbable' three-decker of a book." Others have had to struggle to lay it down except in its Utopian portion; but that is not the point. Mr. Lawton does not conclude dogmatically against the book, nor offer an opinion at second hand. It is precisely because his judgments are his own that we recommend his 'Introduction.' We will single out his portrayal of the Concord writers, and one might do worse than begin his reading here. It is odd to say that the fact of the "Threnody" being "actually in rhyme strengthens our belief that Emerson was at heart a poet." This is offset by Mr. Lawton putting side by side the prose germ of "Days" with the poem itself—a juxtaposition such as could be made, from the 'Vita Nuova,' of the sonnet "Tanto gentile" and Dante's introductory argument. Perhaps in either case, for pure effectiveness, one may still prefer the prose to the verse; but the verse was not needed to prove a "poet at heart."

If the way of him who would fit a Græco-Roman theme to modern moods is apt to be hard, the novelist who chooses Babylon as his field might expect his chariot-wheels to drive heavily. Mr. William Stearns Davis has gallantly attempted this feat in 'Belshazzar' (Doubleday, Page & Co.), and his equipment and success are all that could be looked for. If Babylonish manners have to be depicted mainly on general principles, and local color supplied in a measure by invocations of antique deities and large language from princes and prophets, at least buildings and the like are described after the best authorities, and a human element is supplied in the correct but troubled loves of Darius and Atossa, of Isaiah (second) and Daniel's daughter. Daniel himself supports his reputation as wise in counsel and firm in suffering; but in the younger seer, son of Shadrach of the furnace, athlete, conspirator, man eminently of resource and of affairs, one fails to recognize the unworldly idealist hitherto known only as the "Old Testament evangelist" and divinest of Hebrew poets. Darius is another spirited and indomitable figure; and if the exigencies of fiction make this hero twenty-five when by history he was barely ten, who shall blame the author? Jew and Persian are naturally friends, as worshipping the same God under different names. Belshazzar, though liar and scoundrel, can fight and die like a king. Cyrus is a potentate of another color; both these are

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drawn from "careful study." The Book of Daniel is the basis of this work, and the famous writing on the wall its professed "background." The monarch's singular lenity in rewarding the old prophet (according to the Biblical narrative) for rating him like a schoolboy and announcing his coming fall, is made more plausible by the skilful interpolations of the romance.

'Rob and his Gun,' by William A. Linn (Scribners), aims to tell a good story and at the same time to give a pretty thorough course of elementary instruction in the use of the gun. Rob is a New York city boy, somewhat deficient in health, and is invited to make a long visit to a country cousin, when he gets his initiation into the ways of the sportsman. With the same cousin, a man of middle age, wide experience, and sportsmanlike tastes, he makes hunting trips to various parts of the country, picking up a bountiful store of information and experience by the way. The only fault to be found is that the supply of useful information is allowed to become somewhat burdensome to the story. The hunting expeditions described, the personal incidents related, etc., are vouched for as parts of the author's own experience.

The *Reader*, "an illustrated monthly magazine of literature," will appear next month in this city, and, as the engaging prospectus reads, "will stand out as the leading literary journal in America." This aim is to be attained by having books criticised, "not, except in special instances, by professional reviewers, but by enthusiastic, unprejudiced readers." Even this department will constitute but a single feature of the promised feast.

The first volume of "Annals of the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh," edited by Ralph Copeland, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, contains three papers, the original observations for which were made at Lord Crawford's observatory at Dun Echt before the outfit of that institution had been transferred to the Edinburgh Observatory. Two of these papers, by Prof. L. Becker, contain the results of an attempt to turn to account the relatively large aperture of the Dun Echt transit circle in determining the positions of nebulæ and certain small stars near the pole which are beyond the reach of smaller meridian instruments. The observations of 217 nebulæ embodied in the first of these articles afford material for a comparison between the personal equations of different observers; and the second, "Positions of stars within one degree from the north pole, and of three fundamental pole-stars," is valuable on account of its accurate determination of the position of the celestial pole at the epoch of the observations. Mr. J. Gerhard Lohse contributes a description of his new double-image micrometer, which consists of a small heliometer with a Barlow lens in front, attached to the eye-end of a refracting telescope. The loss of light in this instrument, in which the object-glass of the heliometer intercepts a broad cylinder of parallel rays, is much less than in Airy's micrometer, where the separation of images takes place near the apex of a cone; and the value of the scale is almost absolutely uniform in all parts of the field. In a fourth paper, "Contributions to the theory of the sun," Dr. J. Halm displays the principal results of his researches into the causes of the periodicity of solar phenomena, and deals with the application of an extremely simple principle to the explanation of some of the exhibitions of dynamical energy on the surface of the luminary.

The colossal fortunes that are now not uncommon inevitably suggest devices for their disintegration, one of which is explained by Mr. E. H. Farrar in an address delivered at the University of Virginia and published by the press of that institution. Residing in Louisiana, Mr. Farrar sees, in the limitations of testamentary disposition imposed by the Civil Law, the means of effecting a more equitable distribution of wealth. "Forced heirship," he is convinced, would ere this have resulted in the dispersion of both the Astor and the Vanderbilt fortunes. He would forbid all settlements, trusts, and life estates, and let every man's property pass on his death in equal shares to his children. It must be said that Mr. Farrar's apprehension that real property in the city of New York is "passing absolutely out of commerce," seems unnecessary, and his complaint that the general welfare is prejudiced by the concentration of wealth is rather indefinite. Mr. Carnegie's fortune is undergoing dispersion, and the same is true of the estates of many rich men. To introduce the French system of entail would certainly check the practice of making gifts for public uses in which our country is preëminent. The introduction of inheritance taxes, or death duties, seems more likely to lead to the results desired by Mr. Farrar than the measure which he proposes.

The need of direct steamship lines to Africa for the purpose of developing our commerce is strongly urged in the Consular Reports for September. New Zealand, Canada, and even Argentina have established, or are about to establish, a monthly service to South Africa, while we send only an occasional freight steamer. There is an interesting account, with diagrams, of the chain system of propelling steamers on the upper Elbe, where there is a rapid and strong current. By means of it "a steamer can tow four to six barges, containing 1,200 to 1,500 tons, at a speed not attainable by powerful side-wheel towboats, with about one-third the power and a corresponding saving in fuel." Our Consul-General at Rio contributes a statement as to what is being projected to provide an uninterrupted water-way from the country about the headwaters of the Amazon to the Atlantic. This is a region so rich in agricultural and mineral resources that Alexander von Humboldt said of it: "Here sooner or later the world's civilization will be concentrated." An unexpected gleam of light, as it were, comes from Turkey in the brief notice of the extensive Government system of agricultural banks to furnish small loans to farmers. At the close of the financial year 1899, for which the report has just been issued, they were 868 in number and had loaned over ten million dollars; 90,536 individuals having received nearly three millions during the year, "an average of $29 each loan." Lace-making as a home industry has had a remarkable development in Paraguay. "In one town of 8,000 or 9,000 inhabitants, almost all the women and children, and many of the men, make lace collarettes, handkerchiefs, and ladies' ties. Another town makes lace embroidery, and others drawn-thread work, such as centrepieces, tray mats, tea cloths, doilies, etc. The designs used in making the lace are taken from the curious webs of the semi-tropical spiders that are so numerous here. On this account it is called 'ñanduti,' an Indian name which means spider-web."

"A laboratory in which educational experiments are being tried on a great scale," is the term applied to this country by Sir Joshua G. Fitch, in his appreciative introduction to volumes x. and xi. of "Special Reports on Educational Subjects," presented by the Board of Education to Parliament (London: Wyman & Sons). And it must be admitted that the twenty-seven articles, covering over eleven hundred pages, may convey to our English cousins a very fair idea of the remarkable educational activity in which we are engaged. Only six or seven of the papers are by American contributors, the remainder being by English men and women especially fitted, by observation and study, to report on their respective subjects. Readers on this side cannot fail to be interested in, and enlightened by, these painstaking studies of intelligent outsiders; and the variety of subjects discussed is so great that every American teacher will find something of special concern to him. In spite of the good judgment and diligent care of the various writers, the "Reports," we are sorry to say, are not reliable in every detail. Among the appendixes to the paper on "The Training of Teachers in the United States," for instance, we notice an extract from the 'Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1898-99,' volume ii., where, unfortunately, the compilation is made from a "Register" of the institution in question of the year 1889-90. From this compilation, by an unhappy chance, the English writer chose a portion which, misleading even in its connection with other matter, becomes doubly so when taken independently. It thus happens that, instead of giving the actual curriculum of the institution, the extract quoted shows about one-third of the work done thirteen years ago. *Habent sua fata libelli.*

—Mr. Charles Francis Adams's 'Lee at Appomattox, and Other Papers' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) has been augmented, in a second edition, by his Chicago Phi Beta Kappa address, "Shall Cromwell [*i. e.*, Lee] have a Statue?" The independent issue of this address having been exhausted, resort must now be had to the new volume. In his preface, Mr. Adams reviews the reception which his title paper met with, and avows distinctly its design "to influence, if possible, the course of events then [October, 1901] taking place in South Africa, calling attention to the example of Lee, thirty-six years before, under not dissimilar circumstances." He has reason to think that this parallel had its effect as an argument for capitulation employed with the Boers by "influential members of the British Cabinet," through the medium of Lord Milner officially instructed. The design of the Cromwell address, on the other hand, was to test the abatement of our civil-war passions since Lee's surrender: and Mr. Adams is not discouraged by the result, which was "undeniably instructive," though he found him-

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self misunderstood. He would, for himself, make the excuse for a monument to Lee at the Federal capital to be that, unlike Jeff Davis, Lee was "reconstructed," accepted with dignity the verdict of the appeal to arms, took a hand in the rebuilding—"went home; and, thenceforward, silently minded his own business." Statues, like books, have their fates, and there is no saying that the Lee memorial may not arise on Mr. Adams's pedestal. Action, and costume, and spectacular renown, however, besides being undeniably more favorable to the sculptor's art than the passive virtues, always tip the scale with the multitude in favor of the soldier as compared with the philanthropist or the plain good citizen. The chances are a thousand to one that a statue could be subscribed for to honor Bishop Leonidas Polk, fighting for the Christian right to own and wallop niggers, sooner than to commemorate the Rev. John G. Palfrey's demanding his inherited share of a Southern relative's estate in slaves in order that he might emancipate them.

—In May last we noticed No. IX. of 'The Georgian Period,' the excellent publication of the American Architect and Building News Company, of Boston. It was then announced that the work would run to twelve parts; and now, on the cover of No. X., there is a confirmation of that statement, followed by a table or analysis (though without references to pages or to numbers) of the principal contents of the whole work. The New York City Hall; Faneuil Hall and the State House in Boston; three well-known buildings in Philadelphia—with the statement following, "and others"—make up the list of public buildings. Eleven churches are named, seven "important houses" of dates between 1636 and 1743 are listed, though indeed there are many more than this; and, finally, there is mention of the details given with especial care—67 porches and doorways, 21 staircases, and so on. It is, indeed, a valuable work, for the historian, scholar, and reader of American literature as much as for the student of architecture. The present number contains four papers, occupying thirty-five of the small folio pages, but much intermingled with text-illustrations. This text consists of four essays, but all four deal with Charleston, and with "The South Carolina Homestead," or with Southern colonial work. It is a real study of the art of the Southeastern States at a time when there was an art of decoration really at home there—an art derived from Europe, to be sure, but deeply rooted in the Southern lands of the United States. There are, then, 47 plates, giving, perhaps, twice that number of separate illustrations. Of the hundred and twenty pictures, more or less, some are half-tones, as many are from carefully made drawings. Especially attractive are the numerous views, inside and outside, of Charleston houses, verandahs, porches, doorways, and three views of the "Picture Paper Room" of the house called Friendfield, at Georgetown. This is an amusing as well as a seriously meant number, and assuredly the work, changing more or less as it goes on toward the close, does not decline in interest.

—Mr. W. H. Duignan's 'Notes on Staffordshire Place-Names' (H. Frowde) is an excellent piece of work in a difficult field. The study of place-names requires, besides the rare quality of common sense, three special articles of equipment—minute knowledge of the infinitesimal topography of field, hill, farm, and manor; familiarity with the records; acquaintance with philological fact and method. Antiquaries and county historians are usually untamed philologists, and linguistic scholars are seldom well-furnished with local information. Mr. Duignan seems to be a remarkably good antiquarian, and his philological outfit is satisfactory. Besides, he has had the advantage of criticism from Professor Skeat, and from Mr. W. H. Stevenson, of Exeter College, Oxford, the highest authority on English names, whose ardently expected *Onomasticon* is only too long in coming. Modest as the volume is, and limited as is the field of investigation, we do not hesitate to say that it deserves a place among the reference books of every student of our language. Historians also will find it well-nigh indispensable. Of course, there must be errors among so many details, but they in nowise impair the general excellence of the work, and those persons best qualified to detect them will be least inclined to magnify their importance. Incidentally, the 'Notes' abound in curiosities of nomenclature and verbal corruption which will interest anybody in a leisure hour. The book is well-arranged and beautifully printed.

—Not long ago we reviewed the first volume of Mr. Oman's 'History of the Peninsular War.' In close connection with it may be mentioned another recent work, which deals with the campaigns of Wellington in Spain. This is the 'History of the Second Queen's Royal Regiment, now the Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment,' by Colonel John Davis, the Honorary Colonel of the Third Battalion of the said regiment (E. & J. B. Young & Co.). It is a large and expensive book, printed on heavy paper and illustrated with many full-page plates. As belonging to the class of regimental annals (and the regimental annals of another country at that), it can hardly expect to secure a very wide circulation on this side of the water; but as being based on a wide range of state papers, it deserves at least to be known and used by students of the Peninsular War. The period covered by Colonel Davis in the present (fourth) volume is 1800-1837, a time when Great Britain was engaged in no great war save that with Napoleon. The Second Queen's Royal Regiment did not take part in the Waterloo campaign, but, besides helping to capture General Menou's army in Egypt, it saw active service during the whole six years of the Spanish War, and suffered from the horrors of the Walcheren expedition as well. Both by reason of its dimensions and its style, Colonel Davis's narrative belongs to the technical literature of warfare. It is apparently an accurate account of the regiment's movements throughout a period of great difficulty and danger, though one would have no means of checking its most important statements without spending three months at the Record Office. The eulogy of officers and men is not extreme, while the general histories of the struggle with Napoleon have been used to good advantage. The concluding volume of the work is specially planned to cover the reign of Queen Victoria.

—The Japanese in Formosa, and their success as colonizers, are treated with discriminating ability in a paper ("Formosa under the Japanese") read before the Royal Scottish Geographical Society by the Rev. W. Campbell, long resident on the island, and the author of several scholarly works. The contrasts between the old Chinese Administration, under which the author lived two decades, with what is seen to-day, suggest fairy tales rather than actual realities. Instead of "sick and wounded Chinese soldiers left to die like dogs by the roadside," are now public hospitals, schools, prisons, not only "thoroughly up to date" in science and cleanliness, but under "the operation of high intelligence, firmness, and even of mercy in grappling with evils which are found amongst people of every land." The reforms in land tenure, municipal hygiene, and penology are being steadily carried out in the three prefectures, and the resources of the island are so well exploited that the printed Government reports and the monthly and fortnightly and the daily newspapers published in Formosa "make up a far more valuable bibliography than anything which has been produced by Chinese and European writers." One hundred post-offices, 122 schools of all grades, three submarine cables, a railway from Kelung to Takow, and 800 miles of ordinary public roads made in one year, eleven light-houses and four meteorological stations show some of the returns on the 150,000,000 yen already invested. Formosa is now financially independent and supports itself. Despite frequent outbreaks, steady progress is made in reducing the head-hunting savages to obedience and order. Much of the mutinous spirit of the Chinese seems to be associated with the cult of the pirate-chief, Koxinga, who expelled the Dutch in the seventeenth century, and whose temple was erected by Chinese after the Japanese expedition of 1874. Whereas Luchmans were, of old, rarely seen in Formosa, now "their well-stocked shops are to be found in all the more important centres of population." As colonizers in Korea, the Japanese control two-thirds of the shipping, have seven consulates and eighty mercantile houses, besides banks, clubs, hospitals, municipal councils, chambers of commerce, etc. From this and from his long experience in Formosa, the author concludes that "the capabilities of the Japanese in their quest for adventure and wealth across the sea" are very high.

TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK DRAMATISTS.—II.

The Prometheus Bound of Aeschylus, rendered into English verse by Edwyn Robert Bevan. London: David Nutt. 1902.

The Comedies of Aristophanes. Edited, translated, and explained by Benjamin Bickley Rogers. (IX., The Frogs. X., The Ecclesiazusae.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1902.

The sense of failure which must beset the best-equipped translator of Aeschylus need not necessarily pursue the attempt to produce some faithful transcript of Aristophanes. Apart from his lofty thought and sovereign style, the diction of Aeschylus is often daring with strange constructions and new-minted words which recall the untranslatable audacities and felicities of Shakspere. But the dialogue of Aristo-

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phanes, as must be expected in comedy, has descended to the level of pure prose, a style clear, sparkling, delicious, adequate for every flight of the poet's wit and fancy, but free from the eccentricities and tortuous euphuisms of our Elizabethan period.

Aristophanes, it is true, has the right to coin as many new words as he chooses, and license to let off verbal squibs and rockets to the top of his bent; but this right inheres in the genius of the language, it still inheres in that happy vehicle which Mr. Vikelas employed for his masterly renderings of Shakspere into modern Greek. And as this coinage is perfectly natural and intelligible, it is only in certain extreme and bizarre instances that the English need despair of reproducing the general effect.

In another respect the translator of the Greek comedian has his path made smooth for him. Aristophanes is a poet capable of the most graceful and captivating flights of fancy and imagination. He resembles Shakspere in the immense and unfailing exuberance of his thoughts and ideas, in his infinite jest, in his airy and gracious lyric gift; but all this is expressed in the simplest and most fluid manner, without the slightest tendency to that complex thought and pregnant expression which warns off the translator from "King Lear," for example, even more than from the "Agamemnon" or the "Choephorœ."

There is, therefore, nothing appalling or superhuman in the task which is offered by the range of ideas or of expression of Aristophanes. Among Englishmen, indeed, it has proved seductive to several genuine men of letters possessed of ideal qualifications for the undertaking. The wonder is that, after the extraordinary achievement of Frere, any other should be enticed into rivalry; the wonder is greater that another should, if that be possible, surpass him. But it is quite superfluous to make comparisons. Mr. Rogers's great work, of which this is only a single volume, stands entirely on its own remarkable merits. It is the kind of work which, in its thoroughness, its heartiness, its many-sidedness, could be undertaken only by the leisurely scholar and littérateur, in the most sympathetic spirit and *con amore*. We shall seem to exaggerate if we say roundly that we cannot conceive of its being better done. If the ghost of the great comedian could rise from his grave and speak English, he might well bow his acknowledgments for such a tribute and such an interpreter. The force and function of the translator can, indeed, no further go. It is hazardous to talk, with Mr. Bevan, of the "final and permanent translation"; but until the English tongue changes, and Mr. Rogers's manner becomes old-fashioned and quaint to readers of the next century or the century after, there will be no place for any successor, unless, indeed, he write for his own pleasure and amusement. Fielding's style and vocabulary are still sufficiently modern and new-fangled; and Mr. Rogers has drawn his style and vocabulary from the best patterns and sources. It is, indeed, itself a pattern of the most delicious conversational idiom, free and fluent, but never slangy nor slipshod.

This, of course, sounds like hyperbole. The proof of it must lie with the reader, and that reader should also be a scholar. None but the scholar will understand what difficulties Mr. Rogers has triumphed over, with what go and dash and ease and mastery. He is limited necessarily by the structure of his native language; but the limitations make no appearance. He sticks at nothing. Even the original metres are fairly represented in rhythms so flowing and natural that they seem to the manner born; and those mountainous compounds which Aristophanes piles up in his maddest frolics he jumps at lightly with the courage of a rider who has never met a fall. As a *tour de force* we quote this closing invitation from the Ecclesiazusae:

Chor. Then why so long keep lingering here, nor take
These little ladies down? And as you go,
I'll sing a song, a Lay of Lay-the-dinner.

Now must the spindleshanks, lanky and lean,
Trip to the banquet, for soon will, I ween,
High on the table be smoking a dish
Brimming with game and with fowl and with fish,
All sorts of good things.
Plattero-filleto-mulleto-turboto-
-Cranio-morselo-pickleo-acido-
-Silphio-honeyo-pouredonthe-topothe-
-Ouzelo-throstleo-cushato-culvero-
-Cutleto-roastingo-marrowo-dippero-
-Leveret-syrupo-gibleto-wings.
So now you have heard these tidings true,
Lay hold of a plate and an omelet too,
And scurry away at your topmost speed,
And so you will have whereon to feed.

And, as a specimen of sprightly dialogue more fit for human nature's daily food, we add this gossip between two slaves, Aeacus and Xanthias, carried on behind their masters' backs:

Aeac. By Zeus the Saviour, quite the gentleman
Your master is.
Xan. Gentleman? I believe you.
He's all for wine and women, is my master.
Aeac. But not to have flogged you, when the truth came out
That you, the slave, were passing off as master!
Xan. He'd get the worst of that.
Aeac. Bravo! That's spoken
Like a true slave; that's what I love myself.
Xan. You love it, do you?
Aeac. Love it? I'm entranced
When I can curse my lord behind his back.
Xan. How about grumbling, when you have felt the stick
And scurry out of doors?
Aeac. That's jolly, too.
Xan. How about prying?
Aeac. That beats everything!
Xan. Great Kin-god Zeus! And what of overhearing your master's secrets?
Aeac. What? I'm mad with joy.
Xan. And blabbing them abroad?
Aeac. O heaven and earth!
When I do that, I can't contain myself.
Xan. Phœbus Apollo! clap your hand in mine,
Kiss and be kissed; and prithee tell me this,
Tell me by Zeus, our rascaldom's own god,
What's all that noise within? What means this hubbub and row?
Aeac. That's Aeschylus and Euripides.

Mr. Rogers's work differs from that of Mr. Bevan in that it furnishes a complete apparatus for the study of his poet, whether to the scholar, or to the man of leisure who still tastes his literary pleasures from the original fountains, and scorns the second-hand uncertainties of translations. Every necessary information and instruction is furnished in leisurely detail, in the introduction, the very full footnotes and the appendices. Questions of text are discussed, as well as questions of date and fact; and a complete furniture is given to elucidate the antiquities and the often hopelessly obscure allusions. No author needs this elucidation more than Aristophanes. Much that he has written is of that human and universal quality which will remain fresh and sparkling, with the perennial hues of genius and the surprises of wit, so long as man lives on the planet; much is now antiquated and dependent on the rush-light of the scholiast. To laugh by the aid of a commentator is a painful and fatiguing exercise. Mr. Rogers makes it as little fatiguing as possible by his learning, his insight, and his discrimination; he is the ideal cicerone through these obscure and forgotten byways. Wherever he presents a novel view it will be found worthy of attention. Two emendations of his own in the text of the "Frogs," τὸν θρῆνον ἀκούσας, l. 1028, and μελοφορεῖ πορνῳδικῶν, l. 1301, have the merit of offering a minimum of departure from the manuscript, and of yielding a perfectly satisfactory sense. There are several passages into which Mr. Rogers brings light and reason while previous editors have certainly multiplied difficulties.

Mr. Rogers has, of course, a word to say in his introduction to the "Frogs" as to the weight and meaning of the attack on Euripides. He quotes Professor Jebb's exposition of this discussion, and he quotes also in a footnote the remarks of Professor Butcher in his 'Aristotle's Theory of Poetry.' We are now happily a long way off from the day when Aristophanes was taken as a scientific guide to the history and social ideas of his time; but it is still possible to take him quite too seriously. It is well to remember that, when he lampoons a character, it will not do to trust him out of our sight; we may take him as a witness just so far as known facts support him, and no further. We know, for example, pretty clearly what sort of a personage Socrates was; we see what sort of a portrait Aristophanes draws of him. Knowing both, we must assume either that the comedian did not understand the philosopher, or did not care to understand him, or did not expect to be taken seriously in his representation. Why, indeed, should he be taken seriously? His primary business was to make fun—to hold up to nature the kind of tricksy mirror that is expressly designed to distort and to amuse by distorting. How much, then, do the attacks on Euripides amount to? Can we imagine that he had seriously weighed the ethical influence of that great poet upon women, for instance? When he inveighs against the Sthenobœas and the Canaces, whom we know only by hearsay, could we gather the slightest hint of that gallery of beautiful and noble portraits, the Macaria, the Alcestis, the Iphigeneia, which enshrined the highest ideal of the sex since the Iliad and the Odyssey? In short, from such a travesty we could never surmise the existence of the author of great plays like the "Medea," the "Alcestis," and the "Bacchantes."

There is one barrier set to an exact transcript of his author which Mr. Rogers himself cannot overcome, and that is the limits prescribed by decency and good manners. Fortunately for us, these prohibit a scientifically accurate reproduction of certain passages and even of whole plays, such as the "Lysistrata" and the "Thesmophoriazusæ." All the more must we admire the delicacy and dexterity with which he glides over slippery places and conveys the equivalent of a *risqué* situation without improper innuendo. Can we draw any inferences as to the real state of society which permitted and enjoyed such representations? In answering this question we must remember the inconsistencies and illogicalities which dwell comfortably side by side in the human breast, and permit its practice often to rise higher than its profession or its religions. In the first place, the license

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of Greek comedy was a tradition—a survival of rude festivals at which religious custom sanctioned an indulgence in drunken frolic and a reversion toward the frank indecency of the cave-dweller, or the ape. The Athenians unquestionably liked their tragedy clean, and, as a matter of habit, apparently, they liked their comedy with a spice of dirt. Mr. Rogers thinks that under the régime of the old comedy they even insisted on their pound of dirt; and naturally they got what they demanded. He points out that when Aristophanes gave them the "Clouds," or the "Birds"—delightful and fascinating plays to the modern taste—the prize was withheld. This fact is rather significant, though to insist that it was withheld for this reason would be going too far; we cannot guess satisfactorily, for instance, why the greatest play of Sophocles was defeated by Philocles. At any rate, we find Aristophanes promptly retrieving his error and furnishing his due measure of grossness and buffoonery.

Mr. Rogers is positively of the opinion that women were not present at the representations of the Old Comedy. This conclusion he draws, not from *à priori* probability, but from a dispassionate and searching reëxamination of the evidence afforded by the plays themselves. They *might* have been present, he admits; nothing that shocks our modern notions in such matters should militate against the bald facts. The facts seem to be that while, in all the comedies, the personages on the stage make frequent appeals to the audience, and address many a "gag" to individuals, there is nowhere the slightest indication of the presence of a woman among the spectators. In Shakspere, as Mr. Rogers points out, the case is just the contrary. Seldom as he addresses his audience, he makes it quite clear that women as well as men were among the spectators.

Each of these books, in typography, margin and general makeup, appeals to the aristocratic tastes of the book-collector, and to the old-fashioned scholar who likes to preserve worthy matter in a worthy dress. Mr. Rogers's annotations may never be reproduced in a cheaper form; but his introductions and translation, as well as that of Mr. Bevan, will certainly prove useful to a large circle of readers, and will in time, without doubt, be reprinted in more accessible shape. If we are not mistaken, they will often be reprinted, and will remain a permanent addition to English literature, as well as to the multiplying aids for a better understanding of the ancient classics.

The Mid-Eighteenth Century. By J. H. Millar. [Periods of European Literature.] Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

That portion of the eighteenth century which is the field of this book, from the death of Louis XIV. in 1715 to the death in 1778 of Voltaire, is, at first sight, an unpromising piece of territory for one who, to an enthusiasm for scholarship, unites the velleity, common to authors, of being read. It is a period alien to the sympathies of many, unrelieved by the Augustan survivals which distinguished the first decades of the century, and little stirred as yet by the romantic quickening which made memorable its close. Mr. Millar is to be congratulated upon producing a study of European Literature in those years which is at once sound in substance, genial in tone, and engaging in manner, fulfilling thus the tradition of an admirable series. If a considerable part of the ensuing comment be given up to friendly differing with Mr. Millar, it will be no detraction from the merit of an excellent book, but rather an assertion of the inalienable rights of individual judgment. This method of procedure may serve effectually to resume Mr. Millar's work, while it makes for that generous balance of impression nowhere more important than in the history of literature.

The first chapter is justly given up to the presiding genius of that age of reason and *éclaircissement*, Voltaire, and to his immediate circle of henchmen. Mr. Millar writes of him with unexceptionable discretion, doing full justice to his energy and lucidity of mind, ready to smile at his very obvious inconsistencies, yet prompt with wholesome admiration for his good sense and for that peculiar timeliness of talent which was, after all, the root of Voltaire's prodigious repute. As Mr. Millar says: "Progress for him meant neither anarchy nor a return to the backwoods. . . . So we part from Voltaire, his wise maxim, so well suited to an age of intellectual doubt and distraction, ringing in our ears, 'Il faut cultiver notre jardin.'"

In perusing the chapter upon "The Encyclopædia and the Reaction," some readers will surely be tempted to pause at one point and make play in behalf of a great and much maligned English writer. Mr. Millar remarks, with a fine air of casualness: "If Lord Macaulay's account of the Baconian philosophy happened to be correct, Diderot must be allowed to have caught the spirit as well as the form of his model with great success." Macaulay's famous characterization of Baconianism in opposition to Platonism may indeed be a little over emphatic, but we believe that its substance is strictly true. The core of the passage was in these sentences: "The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god; the aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man. . . . The former aim was noble, but the latter was attainable." It is often in the conception of his near followers that the true and efficient "spirit" of a man's philosophy is most apparent. In the minds of the fervent Baconians of the seventeenth century, who founded the Royal Society in the endeavor to realize their master's Atlantian dream of "Solomon's House," tangible, sublunary service was the aim and ideal, precisely as it was the informing spirit of Diderot's labors.

We may pass the remainder of this chapter, with its deep British antipathy to Rousseau, without remark, and come to the section upon philosophy and theology in England, which is notable for its excellent appreciation of Dr. Johnson. We are among those to whom, as Mr. Millar says, "Johnson's mode of thinking appears infinitely less depressing than the heedless optimism of many of his contemporaries, or the more pretentious optimism of a later age, which professes to make the most cheerful deductions as to the condition of the universe from the circumstance that the lark is on high, or the blade dew-pearled." We are grateful for this defence of the sombre, but sincere and unaffected outlook of the Leviathan upon life, and for the timely exposition of the virtues of his manly prose. We may query in passing whether 'Rasselas' is, as Mr. Millar affirms, "the only really successful experiment in the *conte philosophique* in English." What is 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'? What is 'Vathek'? But the most important and novel point in this appreciation of Johnson is the suggestive notion that he was the father of the best modern belletristic criticism. As our author says pregnantly: "This great moralist committed himself to the proposition that the primary business of poetry is, not to edify, nor to propagate sound moral or political doctrines, but to please."

With Mr. Millar's chapter on Prose Fiction we have no general quarrel. He goes about in that mimic world of boisterous doings, facile tears, and delicious shudders, with very commendable poise and a certain appreciative reserve. In reading the section on Le Sage one wonders if "cruel, callous, and cynical" is quite the most fitting characterization of "the true picaresque strain." A little further along, some readers will surely feel that Mr. Millar has been none too accessible to the merits of Smollett and Sterne. With all his indelicacy and lack of moral sense, Smollett was the best writer, the surest craftsman, among the novelists of his age. More than that, he was, at his best, the most searching and convincing creative artist of them all. In the death of Commodore Trunnion, for example, there is a perfectly fusing heat of imagination, a kind of large rhythm, that make it one of the great death scenes of all literature, unparalleled and unequalled by anything in its age. It seems, therefore, a little unfair to portray Smollett as merely an effective reporter of squalid and unlovely lives. He was that, indeed, but he was something more. As far as Sterne is concerned, it is, perhaps, enough to say that Mr. Millar is no Shandean.

It is true that the mid-eighteenth century was essentially a prosaic age, yet, in view of the great amount of verse that was produced and the excellent market that prevailed for it, one is somewhat surprised to get half-way through the book before he hears any mention of poetry. Although somewhat belated, the chapter, when it does come, is admirable. At a single point it provokes dissent: surely it is uncritical to class that noble English poem, Blair's 'Grave,' with Young's 'Night Thoughts' as "not despicable," but still unsuccessful pieces of sentimentalizing in the *macabre* vein. The judgment is true of Young, but Blair was of different metal. He was no sentimentalist, but an earnest student of nature, blessed with a rich and true poetic faculty which, but for his early death, would have led him far. The 'Grave' seems to us quite apart from the eighteenth-century tradition, which produced the 'Night Thoughts' and the 'Meditations among the Tombs.' It has a solemn reality of tone, a grim, sad-eyed humor, a sweep of imagination, a rude power of style, which sharply distinguish it. In short, it is a *meditatio mortis* of a type perennial in literature, and Blair is to be classed not with Young and Hervey, but

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with Jorge Manrique, Sir Thomas Browne, and Leopardi.

We must hurry over the well-considered chapters devoted to the Drama, History, and Political Economy, Memoirs and Correspondence, and Journalism and Criticism, only pausing to concur in Mr. Millar's amiable exhortation: "Instead of vilipending Walpole because his temperament differed in certain important respects from that of the seventh Earl of Shaftsbury or of the late Mr. Gladstone, let us rather take him as he is and be thankful for him."

A brief final chapter upon "The Rest of Europe" is quite adequate to state the inconsiderable additions made to belles-lettres in this period by Germany, Holland, Italy, and Spain. In a Postscript, Mr. Millar writes very intelligently of the general tone of his period, with its acquiescence in the order of things, its cleverness, its circumscribed sanity, disturbed only by the hot earnestness of the few like Rousseau. In conclusion, he wisely advances certain considerations which it is well to keep in mind in studying any temporal section of literature, but which are particularly appropriate to the mid-eighteenth century:

"We are now in all conscience sufficiently far removed in time to take a cool and impartial survey of the age whose proudest distinction it was once thought to have been to herald the advent of the wonderful nineteenth century. The men and women who flourished during its course are interesting, not because of the peculiarity or richness of their costume, but because they were men and women like ourselves. If they were not the perfect and enlightened beings that they sometimes imagined, neither were they the blockheads and the scamps, the humbugs and the *poseurs*, which their descendants have sometimes professed to esteem them."

Ten Thousand Miles in Persia, or Eight Years in Iran. By Major Percy Molesworth Sykes (Queen's Bays), H.M. Consul, Kerman and Beluchistan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902. Pp. xvi., 482; maps and illustrations.

Persian Children of the Royal Family: The Narrative of an English Tutor at the Court of H. I. H. Zillu's-Sultan, G.C.S.I. By Wilfrid Sparroy. John Lane. 1902. Pp. xii., 352; illustrations.

There can be little doubt of the substantial truth of Major Sykes's claim to have travelled further and seen more in southern and eastern Persia than any other European of this generation. Looking at his map, crossed and recrossed by route lines, the time limit, to all appearance, might be safely extended. Apart from mere entrances and exits through Resht and Astrabad, Maskat and Karachi, his line has gone out from the Karun River with its concessions and complications (international and fanatical) to the fertile sands of Sistan—land of romance and reality, rich with memories of Rustum and the 'Shah-nama,' and with possibilities as a granary of Persia—and from Yezd, with its silk-looms of Marco Polo's time and earlier, to Makran and the track of Alexander. To and fro through the land Major Sykes has gone, an indefatigable wanderer of the English army type which begins in sport and the desire to go where no one else has been, and is gradually caught by the lures of geography and history and drawn into paths of scholarship. A scholar, in the exact sense, he probably would not profess to be. He quotes his Virgil and Horace and Aeschylus, and in the valley of the Rion remembers the *Argo*, but it is in the self-respecting English fashion which requires of an educated gentleman such signs of the *literæ humaniores*. Yet when once the fascination of tracing the steps of Alexander and of Marco Polo had seized him, it is easy to see how the instincts of research awoke. He took his Greek texts and his Colonel Yule, and worked out his own conception, definite and clear. Now it is laid down in his book, and the scholars who sit at home at ease have to take or leave it.

At such definite topographical questions it would probably have been well if he had stopped. But it is intelligible enough how, from these beginnings, a general interest in the origins of the places which he felt that he knew better than most should have been aroused. So we find scattered through his book a series of little town and tribal histories, interesting and probably accurate enough, but done with insufficient means and better left to the men in libraries. Major Sykes, unfortunately, is still at the stage of the mediæval chroniclers, and must begin at the very beginning of things. It is true that, instead of Moses, he takes Maspero and Rawlinson, and instead of Virgil and Ovid he takes Firdawsi, but these appear to have led him straight into such unhappy equations as Baluch=Belus and Kussun=Cush. Further, when historical times are reached, there are too few references to authorities, and we are left in the dark as to the basis and trustworthiness of much. Blank remarks about having gathered information from some MS. histories of Yezd, for example, do not help. Yet against this, too, is to be balanced that Major Sykes has evidently worked hard and carefully at Persian and its literature, and has not trusted, as do so many travellers, to the second-hand. He entered the country—fortunately, he thinks, and probably rightly—with a very slight knowledge of Persian as taught in India. He discovered at once the gulf which had spread between that survival of mediæval Persian and the Iranian tongue of to-day. Then he set to work to Persianize himself, and has plainly had a full success. Sadi, Hafiz, and Firdawsi have become his companions, and the elaborate language of diplomacy is easy to him. The reproach that so few Englishmen really learn Persian so as to be decently courteous in it is lighter for his labors.

And so, too, in the same queer, casual, sporting, English fashion he fell into his consular work. When shall we be able to find men who will give themselves unpaid to the service of their country, and take it all as being perfectly natural? Cranks, religious and otherwise, we have had, and men with various axes to grind, but public work for the fun of it seems to be a product only of the English upper classes and British imperialism—think what we may of either. As consul his duties again carried him over the country, and again everywhere a white spot on the map was a red rag to him. More of these he has filled in than can be indicated here. Outstanding are the frontier of Beluchistan, the Lake of Helmund in Sistan, the limits and conditions of the Lut, or great Persian desert, and the mountainous country south of Kirman, especially the volcanic district in Sarhad. It is a pity that in this volume he does not give more exact details of these explorations, but contents himself with generalities, presumedly more popular, and a sketch-map. Still more unfortunate it is that his results have not been incorporated in the new "Stieler," although its map of "Iran und Turan" is dated of this year.

On Persian politics and conditions, internal and international, Major Sykes speaks with the caution due to his official position. Yet it is evident that he thinks more highly of the Persian Government, and has more hope of reform under it than do most. Also, that he stands for "the open door" in Persia, and against any "deals" on the part of England with either Germany or Russia. Persia must be given a chance for itself, and it will use that chance rightly. Even now, if the Government is not ideal, it is improving: the odd test of steady immigration into Persia from without is sufficient. And, in spite of everything (and there is very much to which there is and could be no allusion here), the Persian race is the finest and most gifted in western Asia. Courteously and sympathetically treated, without browbeating and mailed fists, it responds with courtesy and hospitality. So, at least, Major Sykes; who evidently had no difficulty in getting along with all classes, from clerics to camelmen. Polo, probably, had much to do with this. The singular honor has fallen to him of restoring this, the game of kings, to its original soil. At Teheran, Shiraz, and Kirman he organized clubs, and one of his breeziest chapters is devoted to its history.

Mr. Sparroy's book is at almost every point the exact opposite of that of Major Sykes. The one makes no pretension to literary art; the other is written in fairly good Blackwoodese, light, striking, picturesque and impudently gentlemanly. The gentlemanliness is very conscious; the impudence is very neat. Again, Major Sykes is careful to excess not to say anything to prejudice his official standing; no indiscretion slips his pen. Mr. Sparroy knows nothing of discretion. Certainly any tutor who wrote so freely of his some-time European employers—whether royalties or not—would be regarded at least strangely. Towards Orientals, apparently, the rules of good breeding lapse. In this case the personalities—appreciative, it is true, but personal often in the most precise sense—will tax even so humorous a prince as the Zillu's-Sultan is reported to be. He will learn to see himself and his children and his court with the most utter nakedness as his tutor saw them. And yet, there precisely is the difficulty. With Major Sykes no question can arise of what he saw, and little that he saw the thing as it was. If we could have any security that Mr. Sparroy, in turning the court of Isfahan into more or less literary copy, has been as faithful a relator, his book, personalities, and all, would rank even 'Hajji-Baba.' But that can hardly be, and Mr. Sparroy must be content as an entertainer. There he does excellently. His reader will learn how he sang "Rule, Britannia!" and his countenance was suffused with patriotic joy; how he and the court physician took upon themselves the shame of wine together, and how the physician held his tongue much better; how he spent fifteen-and-nine-pence in se-

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curing the adhesion of the British lion, and what a remarkably good investment that excellent beast was; how, for the glossiness of his silk hat, he almost secured the order of the Lion and the Sun—and many other pleasant tales. Undoubtedly, for one reader of Major Sykes, Mr. Sparroy will have a dozen.

Principles of Sanitary Science and the Public Health. By William T. Sedgwick, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co.

Nothing is more satisfactory than the increasing range over which particular branches of applied science draw to themselves both instructors and students. It is no longer necessary, for instance, that a sanitarian should be a physician, nor that laymen generally should know no more sanitary science than such special lessons as may be imparted under the exigency of immediate danger. This extension does not imply vulgarization, but that, from wider cultivation, the community gathers more and better fruit. It also means, so far as sanitation is concerned, that through the allied sciences, which really supply the physician with most of his facts, those who are not clinicians may reach conclusions identical with his, and that the routes of sanitary engineering and bacteriology lead to the end which practical medicine desires.

As the conception of disease as a demoniac possession has ceased, so the notion of material possession is passing; and there is great gain when the popular mind appreciates that disease is not an entity which invades the body, in the sense that it may be seized and ejected, but is rather the imperfect working of vital machinery, sometimes due to natural unsoundness or to environment, but oftener to an intruder, not to be expelled as such, which modifies the functions of its involuntary host. We instinctively long for personal vigor, and from selfish as well as benevolent motives we pray for our neighbor's health. The complete reign of hygienic conditions would mean the ultimate disappearance of avoidable disease; and, in its ultimate rendering, "avoidable" covers nearly every form. To imagine a nation in absolute health may seem Utopian. But is the beneficent glory of Utopia to remain always and only a dream? Too much physical discomfort has been abolished, indeed too many moral evils have been abated, not to encourage both hope and progress. To use familiar examples in civilized lands, smallpox has been suppressed except as the penalty of vicious neglect, leprosy has passed away, plague belongs to the past, diphtheria may be warded off from the exposed, and brilliant and latest is to-day's practical control of yellow fever. We know how tuberculosis is propagated, and the work for to-morrow is to eradicate in the world, as has been done in communities, the disease which destroys one-seventh of mankind. However distant its attainment may be, the aim is laudable, nor will anything be accomplished by those who fold their hands in despair at the magnitude of the undertaking.

The volume before us is a happy exposition of some of the underlying principles of sanitary science whose application in detail is practical hygiene. It fairly describes the status of bacteriology in relation to disease; it discusses infection and contagion and their adjectives, preferring "zymotic" as descriptive of effects; it gives a couple of chapters to asepsis, antisepsis, and disinfection; and devotes many pages to the part played by water, liquid and solid, and milk. All this is well done, and the reader has before him an excellent résumé of the dangers to be apprehended from many preventable conditions, and of methods for their control. Ventilation, clothing, food, and allied topics are not discussed, because "not as yet reducible in their relation to human life to simple scientific terms." We think that a New Englander might draw closer attention to the vital relations of the soil, especially to its contained ground-moisture and ground-air, for in Massachusetts was first shown the direct significance of the one in tuberculosis, and Boston affords occasional examples of subterranean poisoning by the other. The volume breathes with peculiar life where it is inspired by the author's experience while serving the Board of Health of the Commonwealth, and it is an incidental testimonial to the high service that Board renders not only to the State, but to the nation, on the admirable lines laid down more than thirty years ago by Henry I. Bowditch and George Derby. A Massachusetts philosopher contends that the seventy-year limit of the Psalmist is to be interpreted as the average, not the extreme, length of normal human life. When sanitary law exerts its legitimate control so that the race is born healthy and remains healthy, man should, accidents excepted, wear out, not break down, and longevity be his natural portion.

Estetica, come Scienza dell' Espressione e Linguistica generale. I. Teoria. II. Storia. Da Benedetto Croce. Milan: Remo Sandron. 8vo, pp. xx., 550.

Fragments of this important work have already appeared in print, and have from time to time been called to the attention of our readers. In its final form, the book consists of two parts; the first, which occupies about a quarter of the volume, dealing with the author's own system of thought, and the second tracing in a clear and forceful manner the history of æsthetic theory from the Greeks to the present day. To the majority of scholars this second part will make the largest appeal, but the two portions are mutually interpretative, and whatever we may think of Signor Croce's own system, each helps in a certain manner to illuminate the other.

The title itself indicates both the author's theory of æsthetics and the standpoint from which he views its scientific progression of ideas. At the very outset he identifies art with the intuitive as opposed to the intellectual processes of mind, and then identifies intuition with expression. In this sense, æsthetics is the science of expression, and its history is the gradual unfolding of this idea, in opposition to those other forms of thought which are its *eidola*—the hedonistic theory, which regards mere pleasure as the end of art; the moralistic theory, which ascribes to art a didactic aim; and the mystical theory, with its various vague and unscientific deductions. In this evolution of æsthetic history, if we may judge from a passage in the appendix (p. 515), the great landmarks are Aristotle's 'Poetics,' Vico's 'Scienza Nuova,' Kant's third 'Kritik,' and Schleiermacher's 'Vorlesungen über Aesthetik.' Schleiermacher the author may, in a certain sense, be said to have "discovered," and it is part of his thesis that Vico is the real founder of the modern science of æsthetics.

The Greeks understood in part the problem of æsthetics, but failed to solve it. The moralistic theory was the prevailing (or rather the popular) one, but the hedonistic and mystic theories were represented, the latter by the School of Plotinus; and in Aristotle there is some conception of art as a science of expression, though entirely separated in its treatment from the theory of beauty. Poetry is by Aristotle identified with the universal or possible, but its universality is not distinguished from that of science. With the recovery of the 'Poetics' in the Renaissance. Aristotelianism was fused with the mediæval formulæ inherited from the rhetorical schools, and this point of view distinguishes all the theorists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The great fermentation of thought that followed the close of the Renaissance period resulted in the creation and elaboration of new critical ideals, and the terminology of modern æsthetics came into being with the coinage and reshaping of such terms as imagination, fancy, taste, sentiment, and the like. Of all these Signore Croce gives a detailed history, and this is not the least interesting portion of his work.

It is impossible to follow our author through the intricacies of his presentation of modern thought, but his claims for Vico and Schleiermacher deserve special attention. It was Vico who purged æsthetics of the vague residua of the old rhetorics and poetics, and who, by "distinguishing æsthetics from Homeric civilization," laid the foundations for a new science. It was Schleiermacher, however, who freed the science from the "imperativistic" character given to it by the school of Kant and from the mysticism of Hegel and the romantic idealists. He gave to æsthetics a character not metaphysical but simply anthropological; he distinguished a form of thought diverse from logical thought; he superseded the idea of beauty by that of "artistic perfection." These are the directions which the science has taken since his day, and they indicate in like manner the starting-point of Signor Croce's own system.

The historic portion of the work, then, while naturally colored by the author's own ideas, is a most lucid account of the successive phases of human thought on the subject of art. Its scholarship is exact and broad; its facts are reinforced by the excellent bibliographical material in the appendix; and it is in every way worthy of that wider American audience which would come to it in an English dress. There is everywhere a refreshing contempt for vague abstractions and sham culture. Much of Signor Croce's own theory is fascinating and highly original—at times, perhaps, idiosyncratic. Special attention might be called to the treatment of genres (p. 38 *sq.*, p. 465 *sq.*), in which the distinctions of literary kinds, and their historic evolution as a subject of study, are dismissed as wholly unreal and unscientific. The author's prepossessions, as the title itself implies, are on the side of linguistic expression; his field is, therefore, in a sense limited; and to this,

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perhaps, must be ascribed some of the book's deficiencies. Æsthetics is to him a science of expression in which art is made the producer of individual, not universal, forms of knowledge. The universalizing power of art is, therefore, not fully felt, nor is it vitally connected with the highest strivings of the human mind.

Papers from a Viceroy's Yamen. By Ku Hung-Ming, M. A. Shanghai *Mercury* Office.

The secretary-interpreter to the Viceroy of Hu-kuang has gathered into a comely volume four of the papers which he contributed to the *Japan Mail*, and to these has added a fifth paper and a preface. The most coherent and luminous of the five is the chapter entitled *Moriamur pro rege, regina!* It is "a statement of the true feelings of the Chinese people towards the person and authority of H. I. M. the Empress-Dowager," whom many aliens call "the only man in China." The second chapter, *Defensio populi ad populos*, written in 1891 during the Yangtse riots, considers the modern missionaries in relation to these popular outbreaks. The third paper, entitled "For the Cause of Good Government in China," is a sharp and penetrating exposure of recent foreign diplomacy in China—in-territoriality as well as ex-territoriality. "Latter-day Notes on the Chinese Question" gives a survey of the state of government and civilization in the world at large, and especially in Great Britain, Germany, France, and the United States. The final chapter discusses "Civilization and Anarchy: or, The Moral Problem of the Far Eastern Question."

In tone and spirit this book is the passionate defence of his country and rulers by a scholarly Chinese, who, having studied the civilization of Europe, prefers his own. He believes that the Empress-Dowager of reality and she of the heated imagination of the Shanghai press are two and antipodally different. In his eyes she is the true "mother of the nation," wise, benignant, able; and the masses sincerely reverence her. It was by the "intrigue and charlatanry of progressive ideas" that Kang Yu Wei and his adherents tried to take advantage of the national discontent after the Japanese war to push themselves into power. Her firm and good government made them "newspaper martyrs."

For the missionaries—"the unemployed professional persons from Europe and America with a *comitatus* of the Chinese outcasts, their converts," the author has no use. He considers these "hired converters" responsible for "the only two deep causes of hatred of foreigners among the Chinese."

Defiant as he is in the face of foreign force, and believing as he does that no amount of shot and shell will ever cure the Chinaman of his contempt for the foreign bullies who delight in giving China a "lesson," the author is coldly sarcastic when analyzing "the Jesuit nature of the intellectual man of modern Europe," who laughs in the face of a Chinaman because he attributes rain to a live dragon, even while by the ear of faith he hears Balaam's ass speaking. Nevertheless, he makes a clear distinction between the true Christian, the sneak, and the cad, the last being the "Jesuit," "who does not very much believe in Heaven, angels, or hell-fire, but who wants other people to believe in these things—to be a Christian for his benefit!" The missionary, he thinks, talks "Joss" to some people at home to get subscriptions for his mission, and to others he talks "patriotism and prestige" in order to get the Jingo press to support and not abuse him; but when he gets to China, he talks "Progress and Civilization." With a great show of Chinese wit and learning, the author tries to prove that real anarchy is rampant in Europe and America. In China there is better ground for lasting good government. It was the knowledge and ideas brought to Europe from China by the Roman Catholic missionaries that broke up the mediæval civilization of Europe. The effects of the new modern culture of the Occident will be that which is already characteristic of the Chinese—"self-reliance on the part of the people as regards the State."

In its aim and spirit, this book is a prayer to the nations using force to use right reason, and to try to understand the people they expect to hold down by the cannon's mouth. In its literary character it is a Chinese essay in English. It is stuffed with quotations, allusions, and literary bric-à-brac of all sorts gathered from the French, German, Scotch, Irish, and what-not. The wits and ways of a Chinese aspirant for office, working through the ultra-literary civil-service examinations, are everywhere noticeable, and there is a tremendous amount of that indirect working of the mind which, in place of true logic and direct argument, seeks to accomplish its end by literary embellishment or more or less apposite quotation.

Regeneration. By Thomas Hunt Morgan, Ph.D., Professor of Biology, Bryn Mawr College. Macmillan Co. Large 8vo, pp. xii., 316. Illustrated.

Regeneration of animal or plant, as defined in this book, means replacement of lost parts, renewal of organs, completion of an organism from a part; and is made to include development of isolated cells or blastomeres. The presentation is thorough and comprehensive; besides original researches of the author, it involves a great deal of recapitulation and verification of experiments performed by others, with analyses and criticisms of the conclusions drawn from the phenomena or of theories advanced in explanation. Dr. Morgan is fortunate in possessing experience, depth of insight, and a judicial habit of mind that give him special fitness for his task. Among the topics for consideration are external and internal factors; the relations between regeneration and liability to injury; the inadequacy of natural selection as a means of accounting for existence of the phenomena of regeneration, hypertrophy, atrophy, autotomy, grafting, origin of new cells and tissues, regeneration in egg and embryo of animals low in the scale of life; the part played by the germ-layers; and the supposed repetition of phylogenetic and ontogenetic processes in regeneration. There is much dissection and weighing of hypotheses propounded in accounting for various phenomena; in the main, the balance is fairly held.

A principal object of the essay is to account for the regenerative process itself. Like most naturalists really possessed of a spirit of investigation and experimentation, the author doubts the efficacy of natural selection. In his mind the question is not so much that organisms are adapted, as that organisms respond adaptively to changes to which they can never have been subjected before. The regenerative changes for the good of the organism (the problem not being one of life and death or even of leaving more descendants) are not built up by accumulation of small advances in useful directions, and cannot be accounted for by the survival of those individuals in which the changes take place better than in their fellows; the selective agency of environment does not explain the regenerative process; and usefulness cannot be made to account for the presence of the process of regeneration in the organism. This process is probably one of the fundamental attributes of living things, a growth phenomenon, and as such characteristic of organisms.

From a course of five lectures the work has expanded into a very creditable volume.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbot, F. L. Faith Built on Reason. Boston: James H. West Co. 50 cents.
Bacon, Alice M. Japanese Girls and Women. New ed. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.
Baldwin, C. S. A College Manual of Rhetoric. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.35.
Clark, Annie M. L. The Alcotts in Harvard. Lancaster (Mass.): J. C. L. Clark.
Cole, S. V. In Scipio's Garden, and Other Poems. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Deshon, George. Sermons for All the Sundays of the Ecclesiastical Year and the Principal Festivals. The Catholic Book Exchange. $1.
Devonshire, Mrs. R. L. Life and Letters of H. Taine. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Earle, Mary T. The Flag on the Hilltop. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 90 cents.
Eastman, C. A. Indian Boyhood. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.60.
Frothingham, Jessie P. Sea Fighters from Drake to Farragut. Scribners. $1.20.
Fuller, Edward. John Malcolm. Providence: Snow & Farnham. $1.50.
Gairdner, James. The English Church in the Sixteenth Century from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of Mary. Macmillan. $2.
Geddes, J., jr., and Josselyn, F. M. Il Vero Amico di Carlo Goldoni. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Halstead, Murat. The Life of President Theodore Roosevelt. The Saalfield Pub. Co.
Harper, Andrew. The Song of Solomon. (The Cambridge Bible.) London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1s. 6d.
Hubbard, Sara A. Catch Words of Cheer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Jackson, Helen H. Glimpses of California and the Missions. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Jacob, Violet. The Sheep-Stealers. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20.
Kent, Elizabeth. The House Opposite. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
King, H. C. Theology and the Social Consciousness. Macmillan. $1.50.
Kingsley, Florence M. The Needle's Eye. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.
Lewis, E. H. A Text-Book of Applied English Grammar. Macmillan. 50c.
MacDonald, Robert. The Herr Doctor. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 90c.
Mason, C. A. The Little Green God. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cents.
Nichols, E. L., and Franklin, W. S. The Elements of Physics. Vol. I.: Mechanics and Heat. New ed. Macmillan. $1.50.
Papers of the British School at Rome, Vol. I. Macmillan.
Rhymes and Roundelays from "Life." Life Pub. Co.
Rouse, W. H. D. Greek Votive Offerings. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $4.50.
Sangster, Margaret E. Janet Ward. Fleming H. Revell Co.
Seabury, J. B. Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son. Silver, Burdett & Co. 35 cents.
Segall, J. B. Corneille's Le Menteur. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Sharp, F. C. Shakespeare's Portrayal of the Moral Life. Scribners. $1.25.
Singleton, Esther. Famous Paintings, As Seen and Described by Great Writers. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60.
Sixth Annual Report of the Forest, Fish, and Game Commission of the State of New York. Published for the State.
Slosson, Annie T. Aunt Abbie's Neighbors. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.
Smith, Alexander, and Hall, E. H. The Teaching of Chemistry and Physics in the Secondary School. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Smith, F. Hopkinson. Novels, Stories, and Sketches: (1) Tom Grogan, (2) Gondola Days. Scribners.
Smith, O. J. Eternalism: A Theory of Infinite Justice. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Songs of England's Glory. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Stephenson, Nathaniel. The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton. John Lane.

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Thackeray, W. M. The Paris Sketch Book of Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, and the Irish Sketch Book. Macmillan. $1.

Walpole, G. H. S. Vital Religion; or the Personal Knowledge of Christ. London: Elliot Stock; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

Zwemer, Samuel and Amy E. Topsy-Turvy Land: Arabia Pictured for Children. New ed. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cents.

"Mr. Owen Seaman is one of the very few followers of Calverley who are really worthy of that matchless master" is what *The Tribune* said of the author of *The Battle of the Bays* (now in its fourth edition). Mr. Seaman's Borrowed Plumes, a volume of parodies, mostly in prose, has just been issued by Henry Holt & Co., 29 W. 23d St. Price $1.25.

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